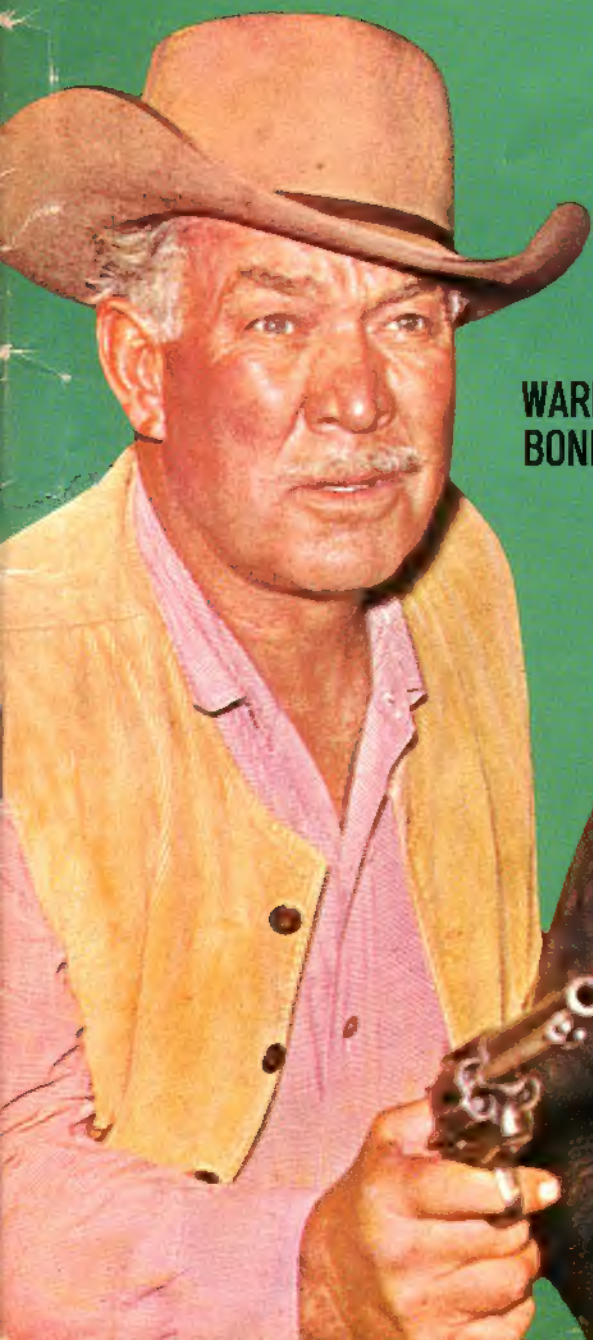


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captures an outlaw gang!



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BOND



ROBERT
HORTON



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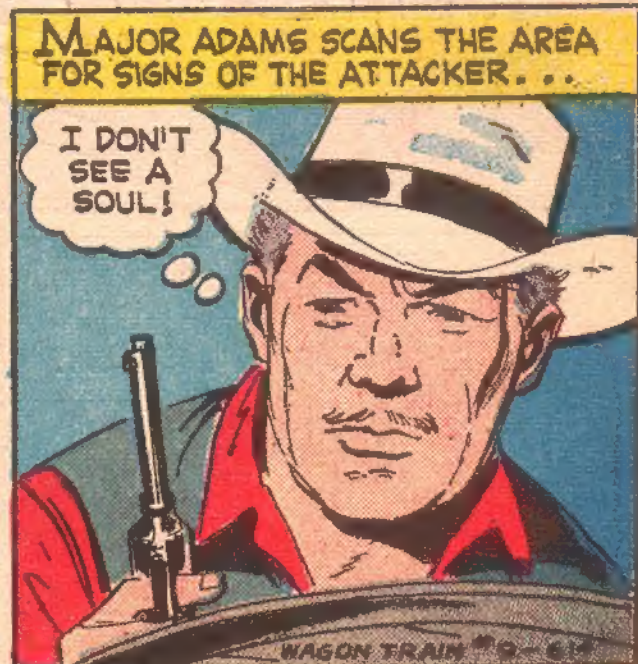
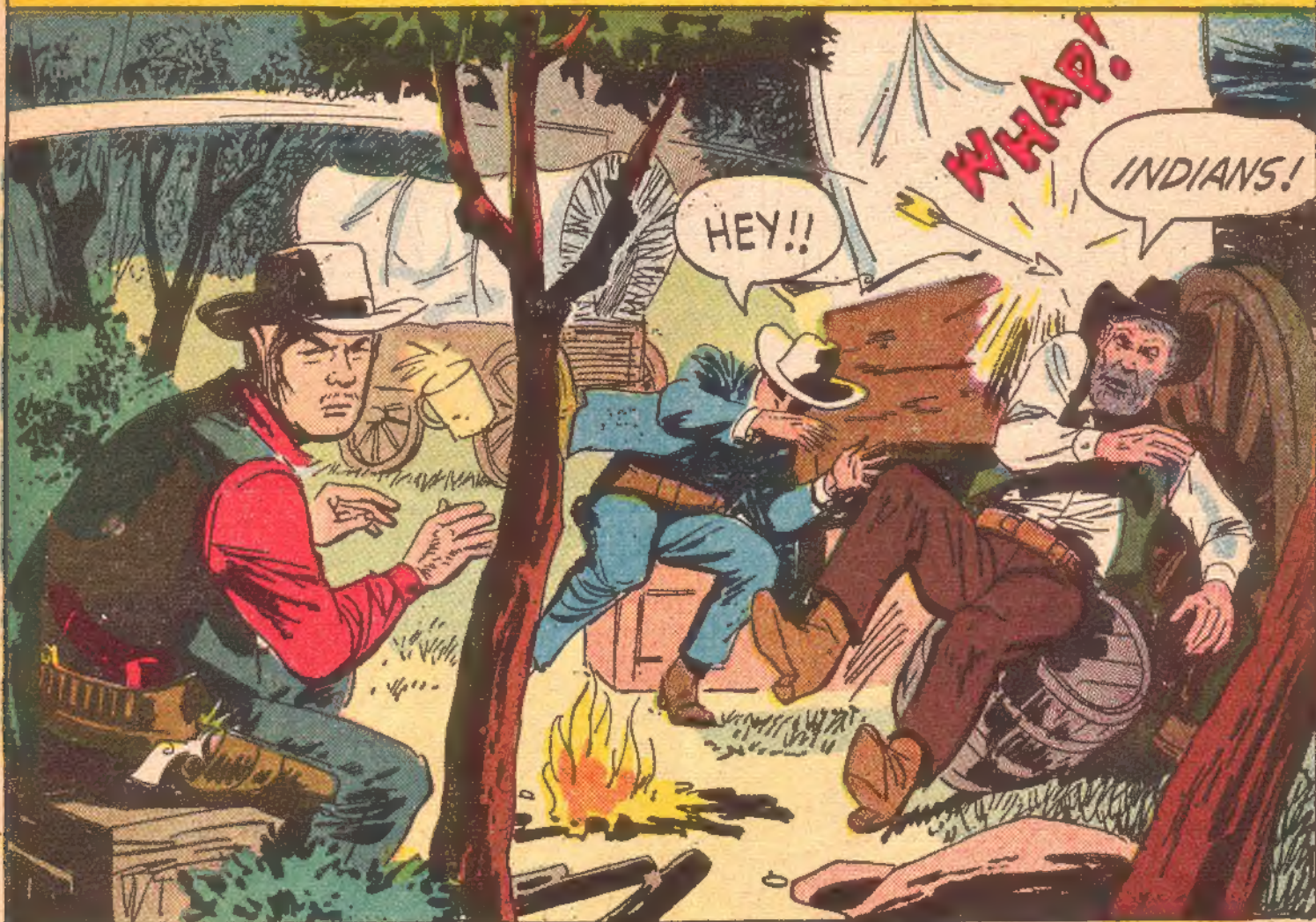
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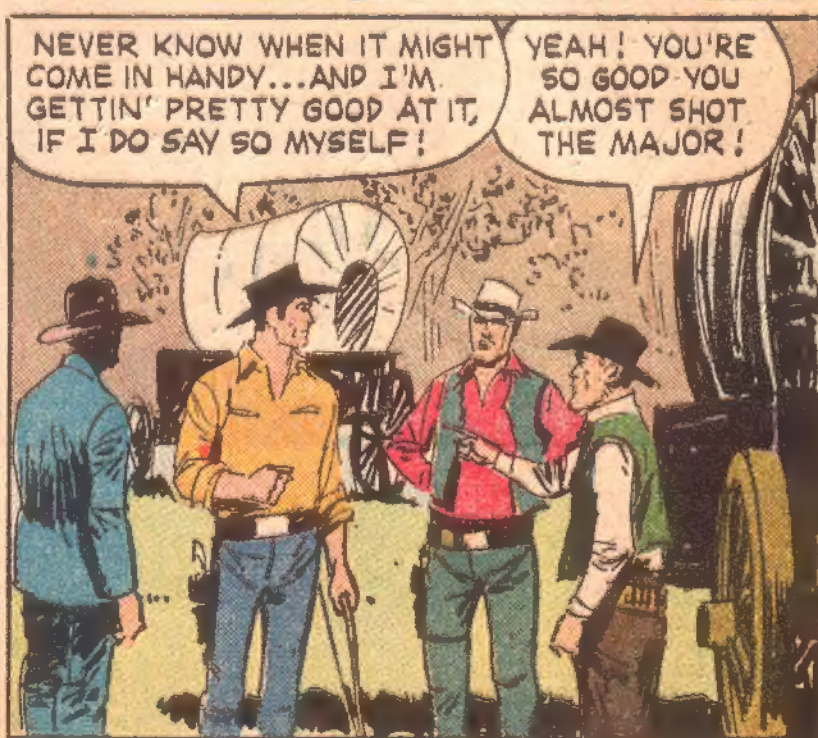
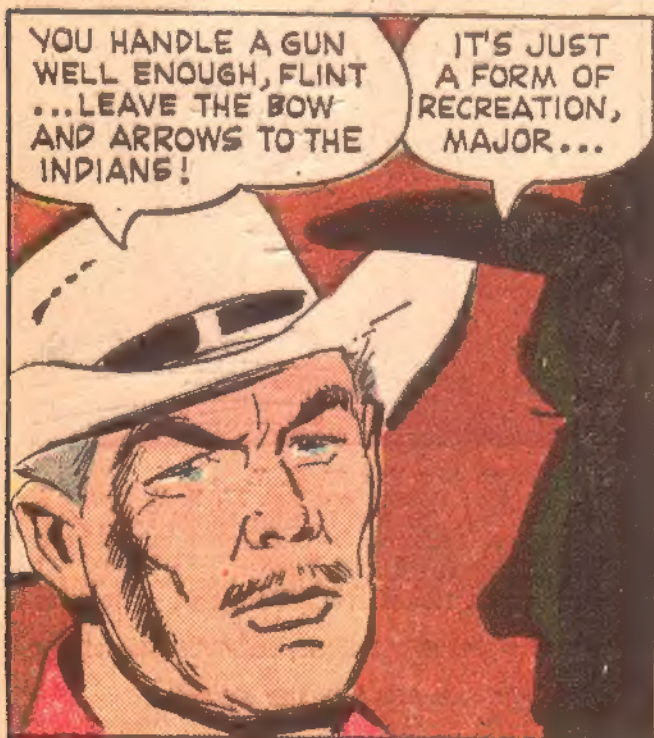


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**SUPPENLY, FLINT MCCULLOUGH
APPEARS FROM BEHIND SOME TREES...**



WHY DON'T YOU TAKE UP
SOME OTHER FORM OF
RECREATION... LIKE
**SEWING OR
KNITTING?**

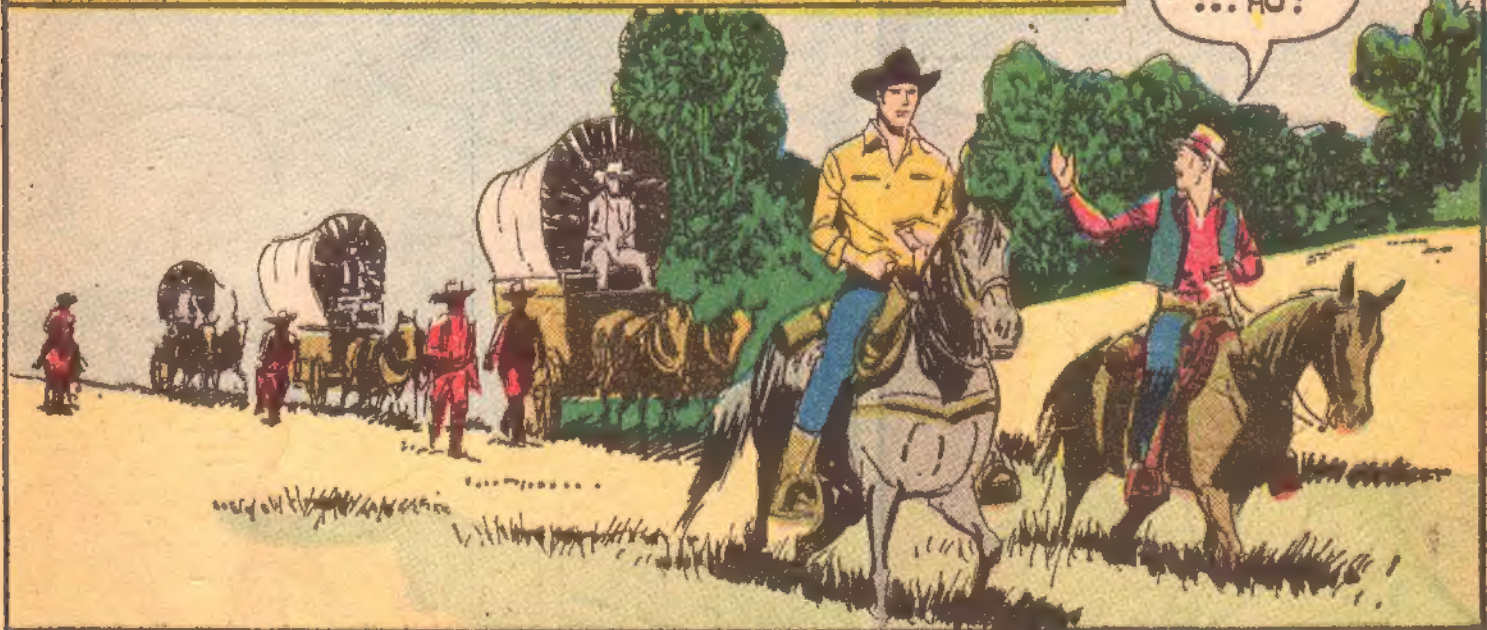
WOULDN'T MAKE ANY
DIFFERENCE, MAJOR...
HE'D PROBABLY STAB
SOMEBODY WITH A
KNITTIN' NEEDLE!

GO AHEAD AND LAUGH, BOYS...
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL PROVE TO
YOU THAT A BOW AND ARROW IS
EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS A GUN...
IF NOT BETTER!



THE NEXT MORNING, THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES OUT ONCE AGAIN...

WAGONS
... HO!



AS THEY MOVE ALONG TRAIL...

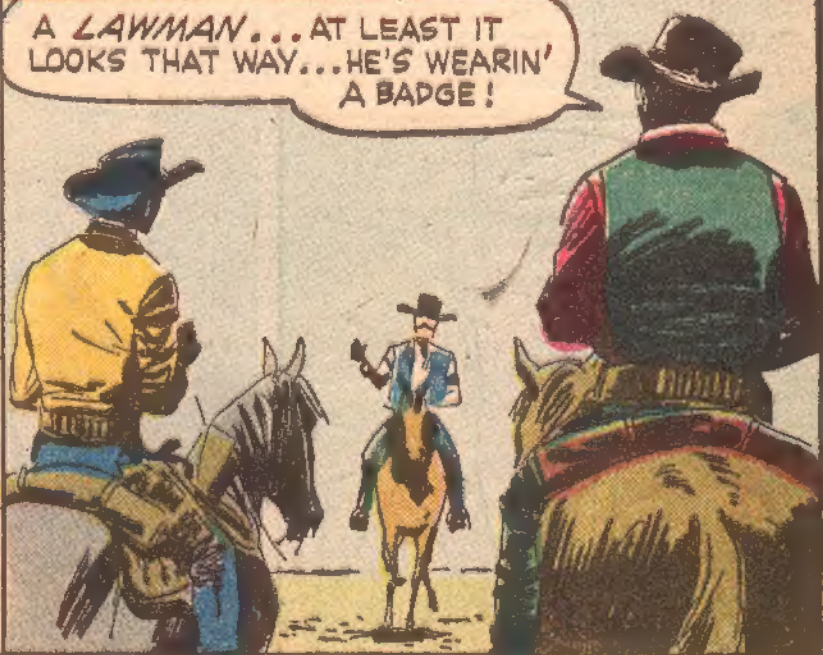
SOMEONE
UP AHEAD!

WONDER WHO HE IS?
HE'S A LONG WAY
FROM ANY TOWN!



THE STRANGER APPROACHES...

A **LAWMAN**... AT LEAST IT
LOOKS THAT WAY... HE'S WEARIN'
A BADGE!



HOWDY, MEN...
I'M SHERIFF
DAVE KINMAN...
FROM RAINBOW
RIDGE!

THAT'S A LONG WAYS
FROM HERE, SHERIFF
...WHAT BRINGS YOU
INTO THESE PARTS?

FOUR OUTLAWS... I'VE BEEN
TRAILING THEM FOR TWO DAYS!

ALONE?

MY DEPUTY WAS WITH ME
WHEN I STARTED...AND A
CITIZEN FROM RAINBOW RIDGE...
THEY WERE BOTH KILLED!

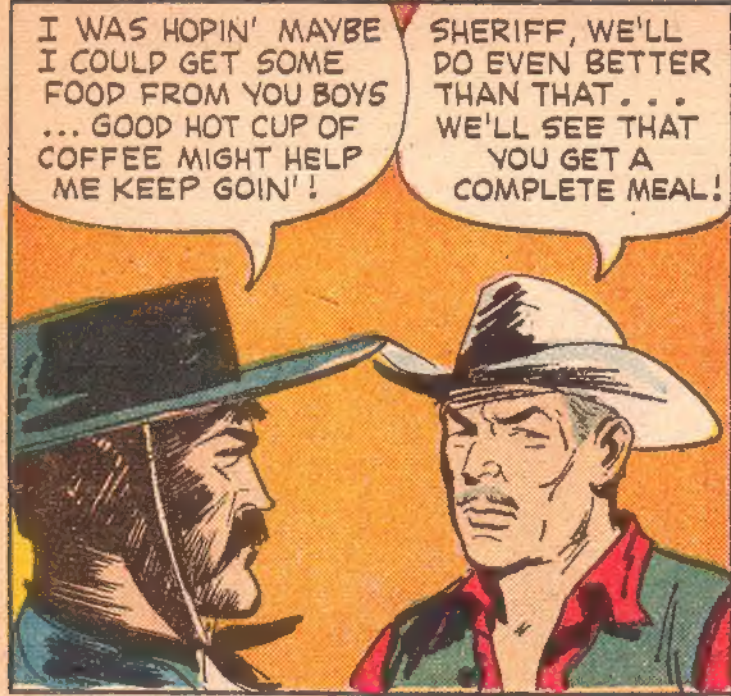
WE CAUGHT UP WITH THE
OUTLAWS ABOUT TEN MILES
BACK... WE CAME OUT ON
THE LOSIN' END OF A
GUNFIGHT!

THESE MEN SOUND
LIKE ROUGH ONES!

THEY ARE...BUT I'M NOT
RIDIN' BACK NOW...IF I TAKE
TIME TO GET MORE MEN, I
MIGHT LOSE THEM FOR GOOD!

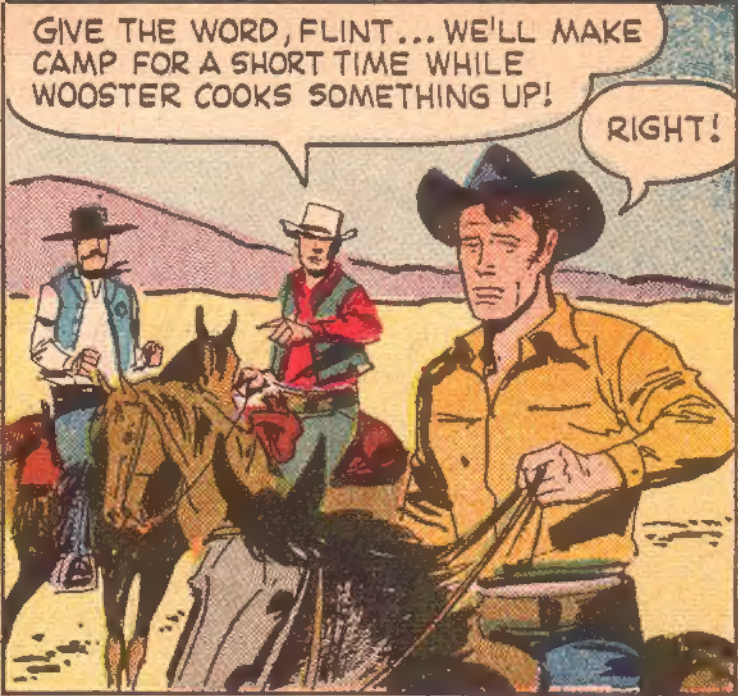
DO YOU THINK YOU'LL STAND A
CHANCE AGAINST ALL FOUR OF
THEM?

I DON'T KNOW...
BUT I'M SURE
GONNA TRY!



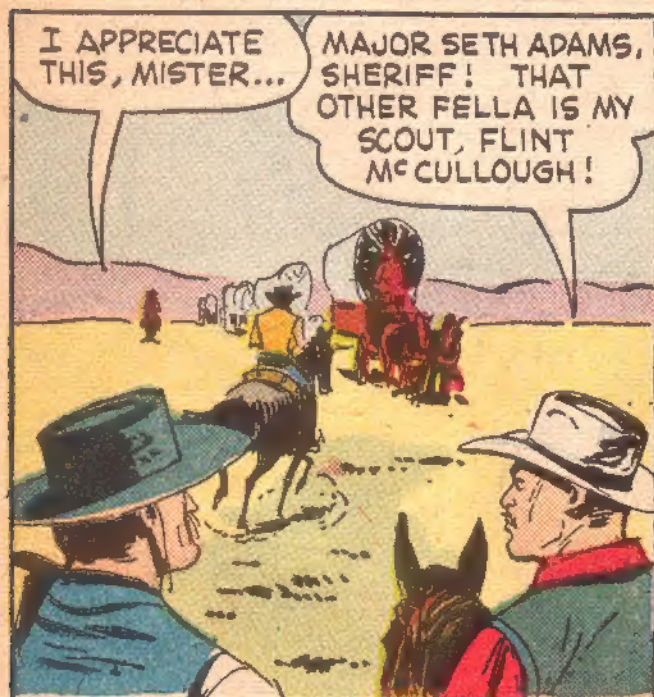
I WAS HOPIN' MAYBE I COULD GET SOME FOOD FROM YOU BOYS ... GOOD HOT CUP OF COFFEE MIGHT HELP ME KEEP GOIN'!

SHERIFF, WE'LL DO EVEN BETTER THAN THAT... WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A COMPLETE MEAL!



GIVE THE WORD, FLINT... WE'LL MAKE CAMP FOR A SHORT TIME WHILE WOOSTER COOKS SOMETHING UP!

RIGHT!



I APPRECIATE THIS, MISTER...

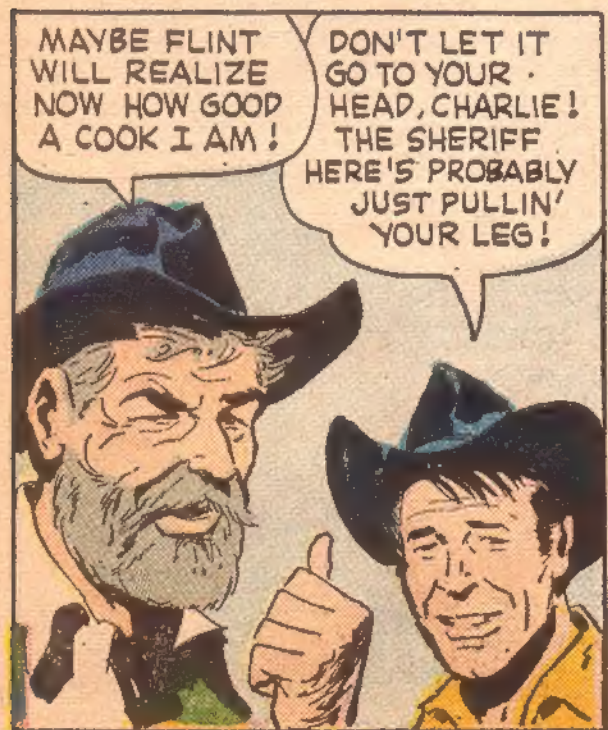
MAJOR SETH ADAMS, SHERIFF! THAT OTHER FELLA IS MY SCOUT, FLINT McCULLOUGH!



LATER...

MR. WOOSTER, THAT WAS WITHOUT A DOUBT THE *BEST* MEAL I'VE HAD IN A YEAR!

THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS, MISTER SHERIFF...



MAYBE FLINT WILL REALIZE NOW HOW GOOD A COOK I AM!

DON'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD, CHARLIE! THE SHERIFF HERE'S PROBABLY JUST PULLIN' YOUR LEG!



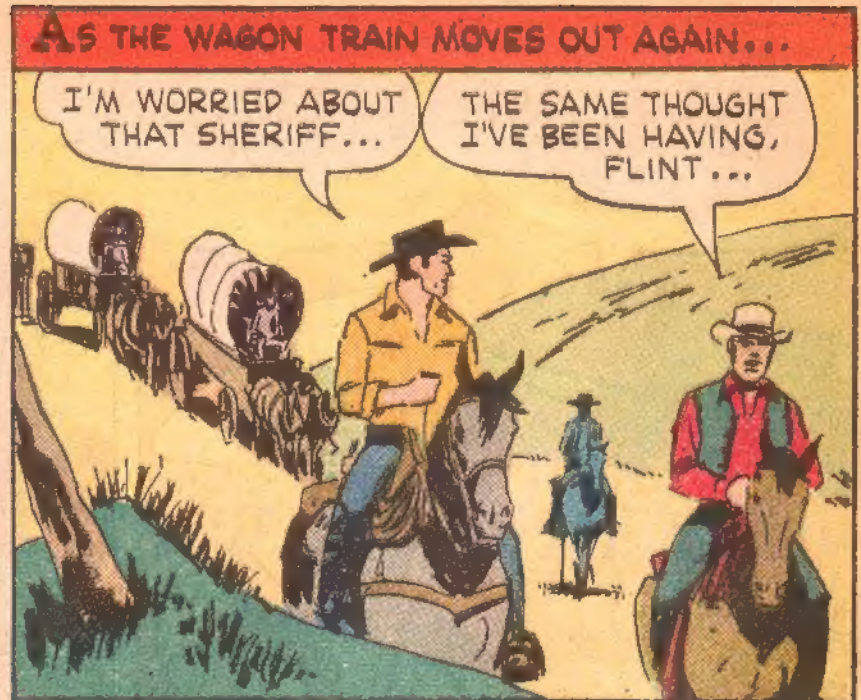
WHICH WAY YOU BOYS MOVIN'?

WEST... UP THROUGH EAGLE CANYON...



I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YOU... MY TRAIL HEADS THE SAME WAY!

FINE! LET'S GET STARTED!



AS THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES OUT AGAIN...

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT SHERIFF...

THE SAME THOUGHT I'VE BEEN HAVING, FLINT...



GOIN' AFTER FOUR MEN LIKE THAT...ALL ALONE!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING ... BUT WE HAVE OUR JOBS, TOO!



WE HAVE A WHOLE WAGON TRAIN OF PEOPLE IN OUR CHARGE...I'M SURE THE SHERIFF UNDERSTANDS THAT!

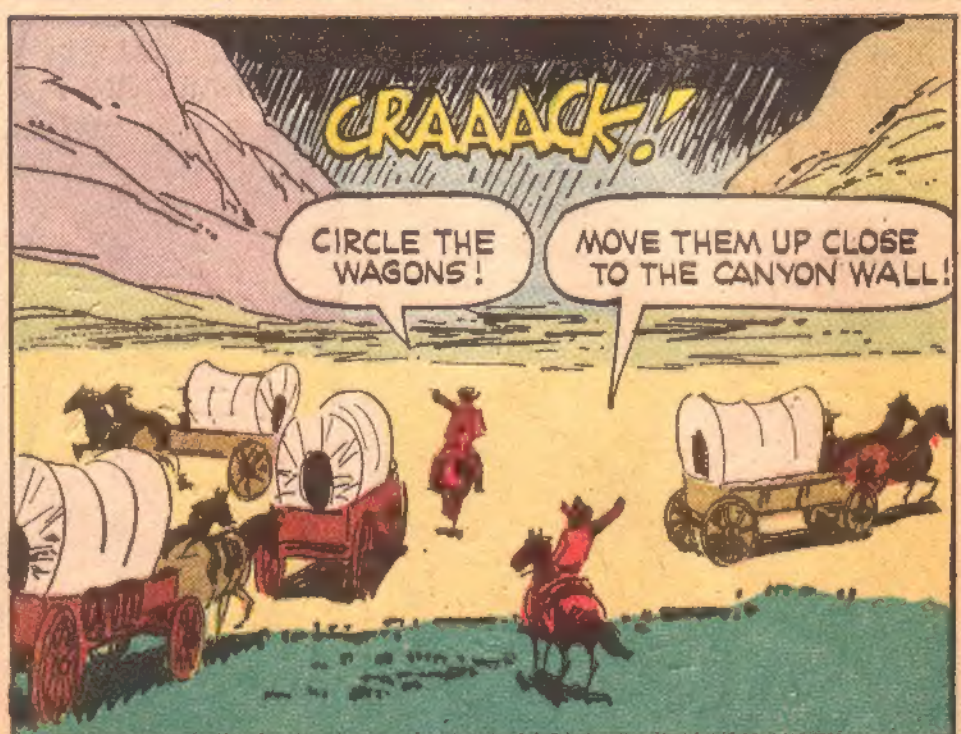
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT...



A SHORT TIME LATER...

LOOKS LIKE A STORM COMING UP!

THAT KIND DOESN'T BLOW OVER, MAJOR!



CRAACK!

CIRCLE THE WAGONS!

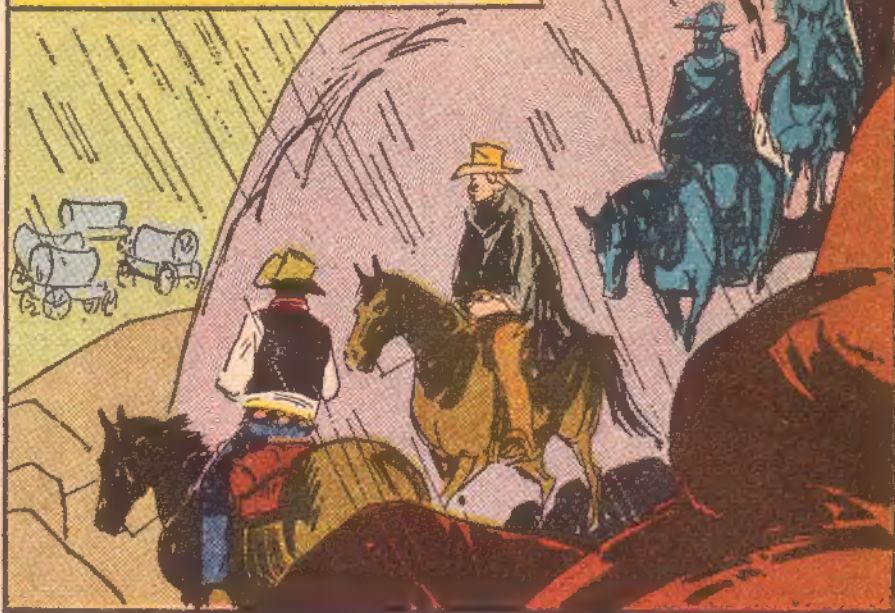
MOVE THEM UP CLOSE TO THE CANYON WALL!



SO IT'S RISKY... EVERY MOVE
WE MAKE IS A RISK...
REMEMBER? WE'RE
WANTED MEN!



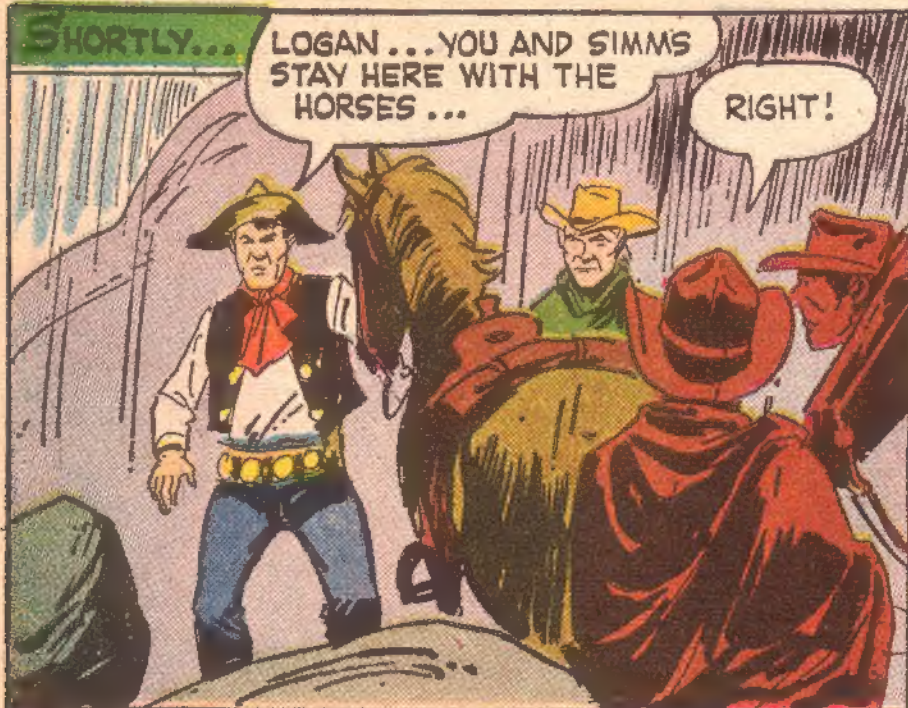
THE OUTLAWS MOVE DOWN
ON THE WAGON TRAIN...



SHORTLY...

LOGAN... YOU AND SIMMS
STAY HERE WITH THE
HORSES...

RIGHT!



THAT RAIN
IS REALLY
COMING
DOWN
HARD!

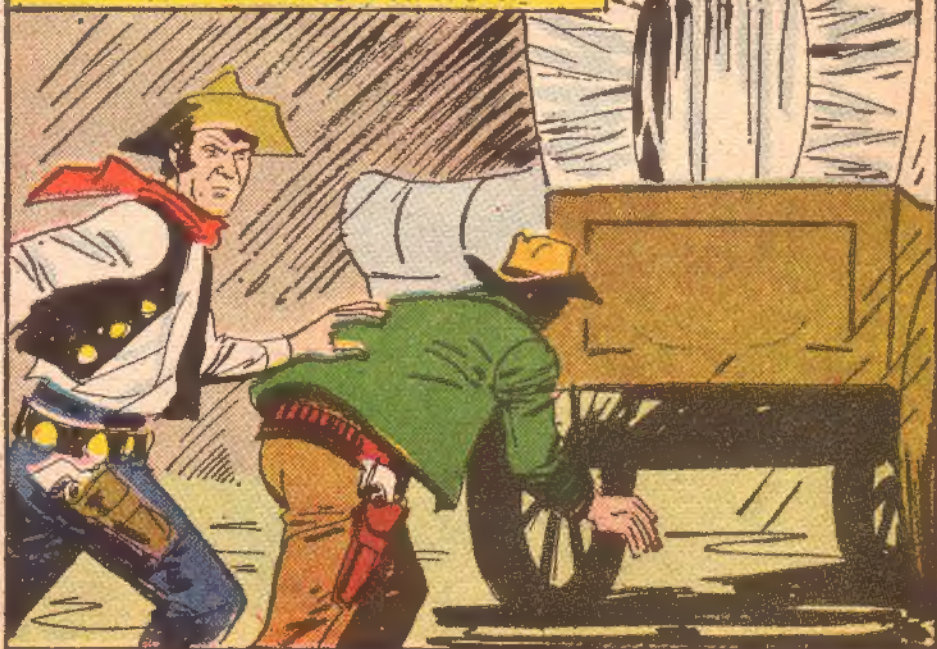
I WISH IT WOULD
STOP... I'M LOSING
TIME EVERY
MINUTE!



THE MEN YOU'RE TRAILING
ARE PROBABLY CAUGHT IN IT,
TOO, SHERIFF... THEY'LL BE
LOSING JUST AS MUCH TIME!



THE TWO OUTLAWS MOVE
UP TO THE CHUCK WAGON...



SUDDENLY...

WHAT??

JUST SIT QUIET, MISTER... AND YOU *MIGHT* LIVE TO TELL ABOUT THIS!

THE OUTLAWS GRAB A FEW NEEDED SUPPLIES...

DON'T POKE YOUR HEAD OUT, OLD-TIMER!

LUCKY THING IT RAINED, HARKNESS...

MAJOR!
MAJOR!

BUT THE RAIN AND WIND DROWNS OUT CHARLIE'S CALL...

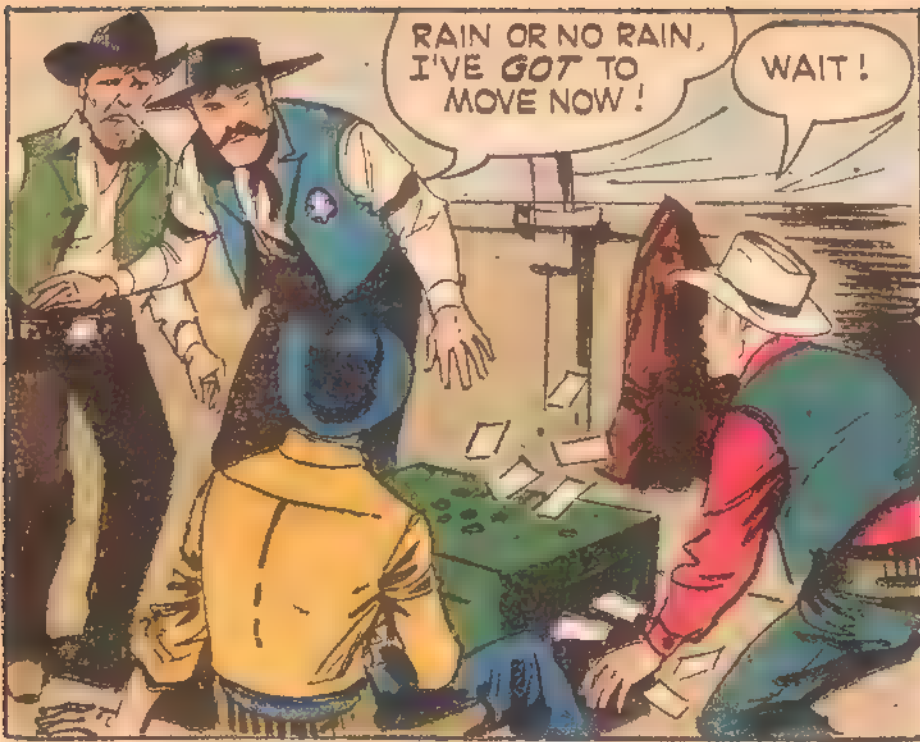
GOT TO TELL THE MAJOR!

AND SOON...

... AND THEY HAD A GUN STUCK RIGHT IN MY HEAD! THERE WAS NOthin' I COULD DO! ONE OF 'EM WAS NAMED HARKNESS!

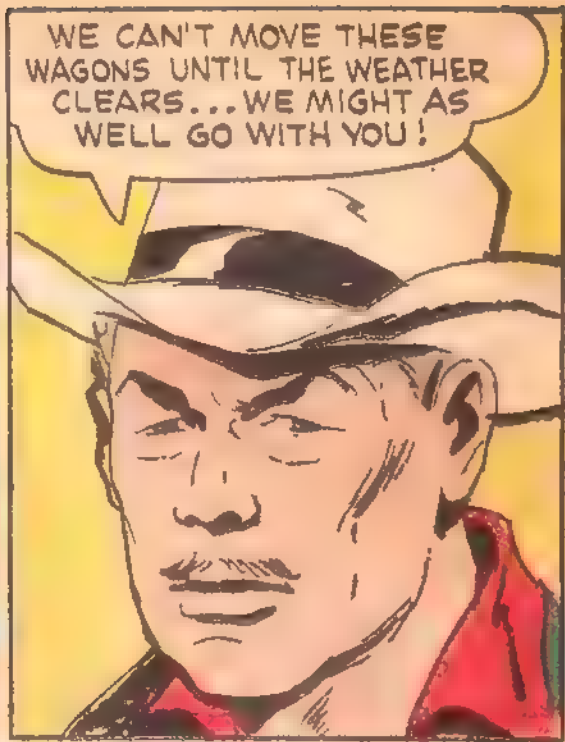
WHAT??

THAT'S ONE OF THE OUTLAWS I'VE BEEN TRAILING...

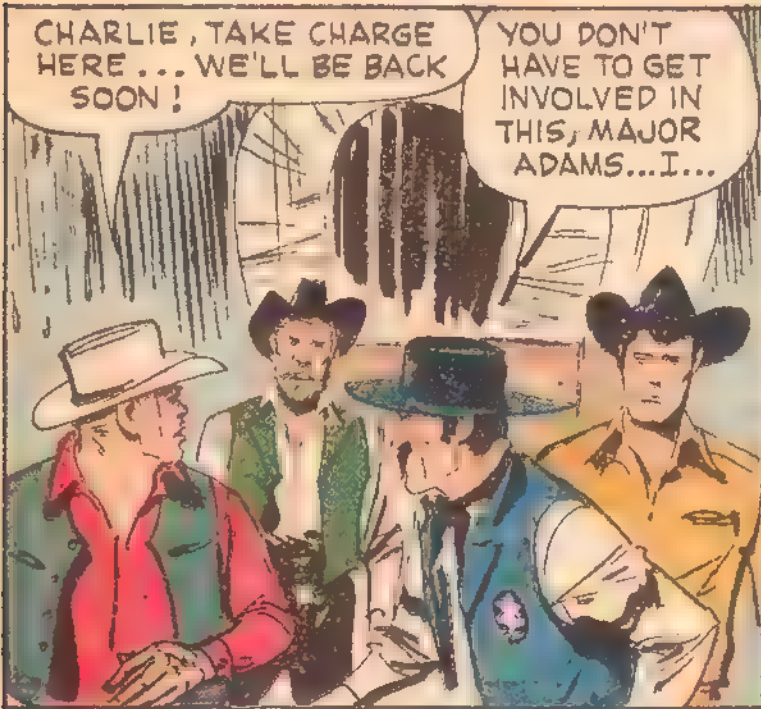


RAIN OR NO RAIN,
I'VE GOT TO
MOVE NOW!

WAIT!

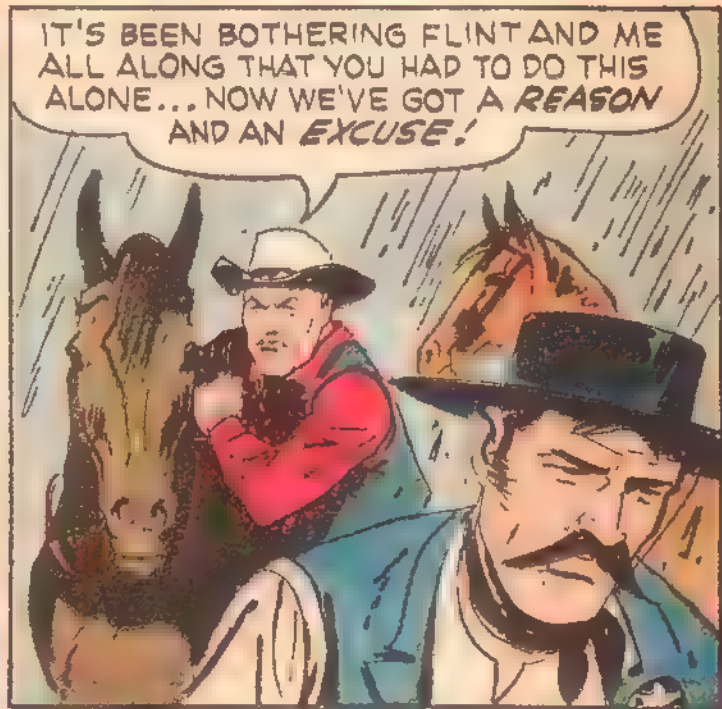


WE CAN'T MOVE THESE
WAGONS UNTIL THE WEATHER
CLEARS... WE MIGHT AS
WELL GO WITH YOU!

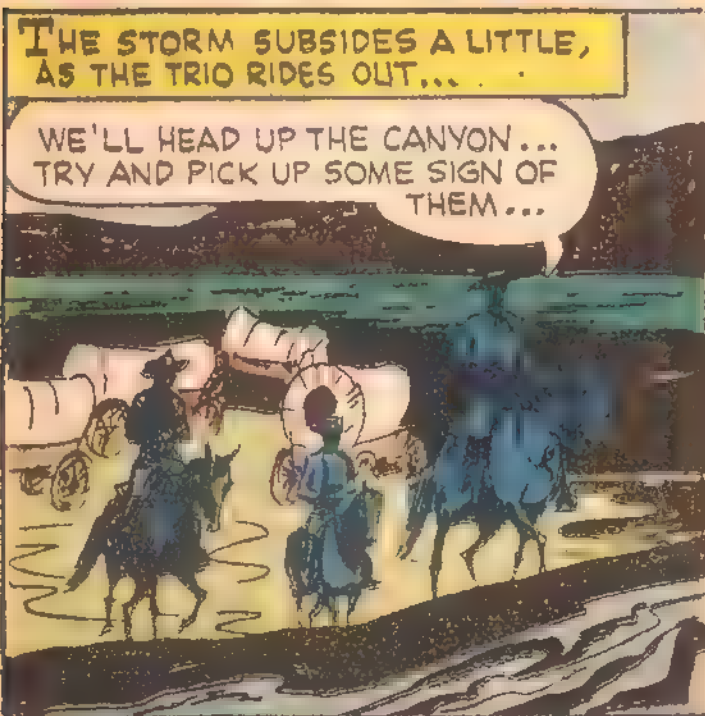


CHARLIE, TAKE CHARGE
HERE... WE'LL BE BACK
SOON!

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO GET
INVOLVED IN
THIS, MAJOR
ADAMS... I...

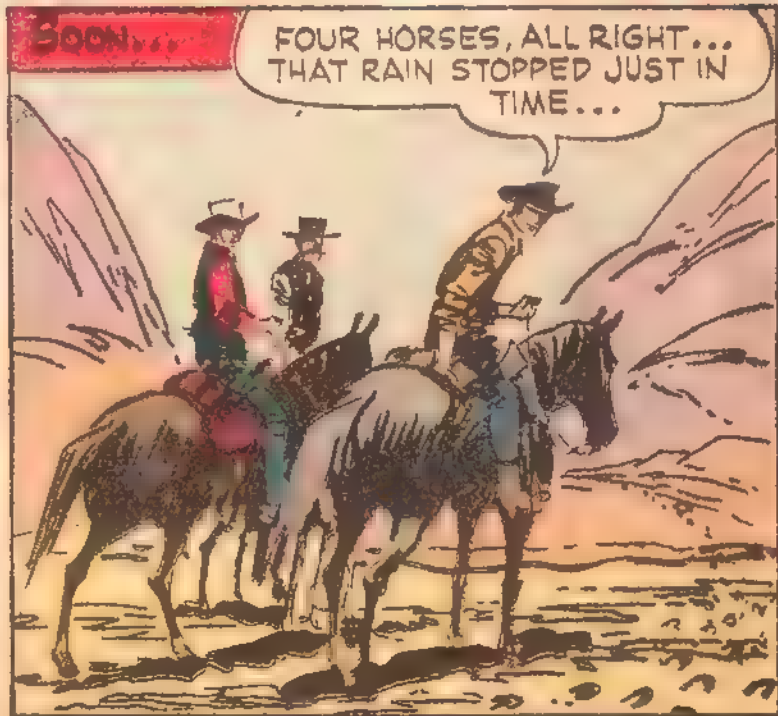


IT'S BEEN BOTHERING FLINT AND ME
ALL ALONG THAT YOU HAD TO DO THIS
ALONE... NOW WE'VE GOT A REASON
AND AN EXCUSE!



THE STORM SUBSIDES A LITTLE,
AS THE TRIO RIDES OUT...

WE'LL HEAD UP THE CANYON...
TRY AND PICK UP SOME SIGN OF
THEM...



SOON...

FOUR HORSES, ALL RIGHT...
THAT RAIN STOPPED JUST IN
TIME...

THE THREE MEN CONTINUE ON THE TRAIL OF THE FOUR OUTLAWS...



A MILE Ahead, THE OUTLAWS SIGHT AN OLD SHACK...



WE'RE IN LUCK... SEE THAT STOVE! GET SOME WOOD... AND START A FIRE!



THIS WOOD'S PRETTY WET!

IT'LL DO... IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

SMOKE... MAYBE A CAMPSITE!

LOOK!



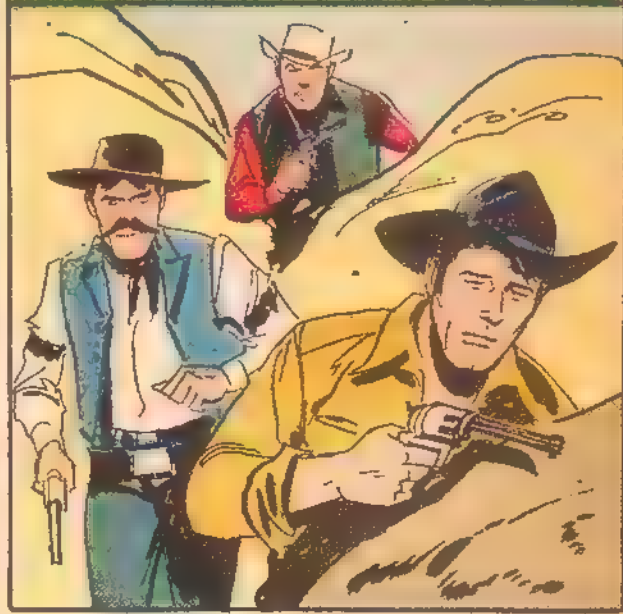
SOON...

THAT OLD SHACK...
THE TRACKS LEAD
RIGHT TO IT!

WE'VE GOT TO
GET CLOSER...

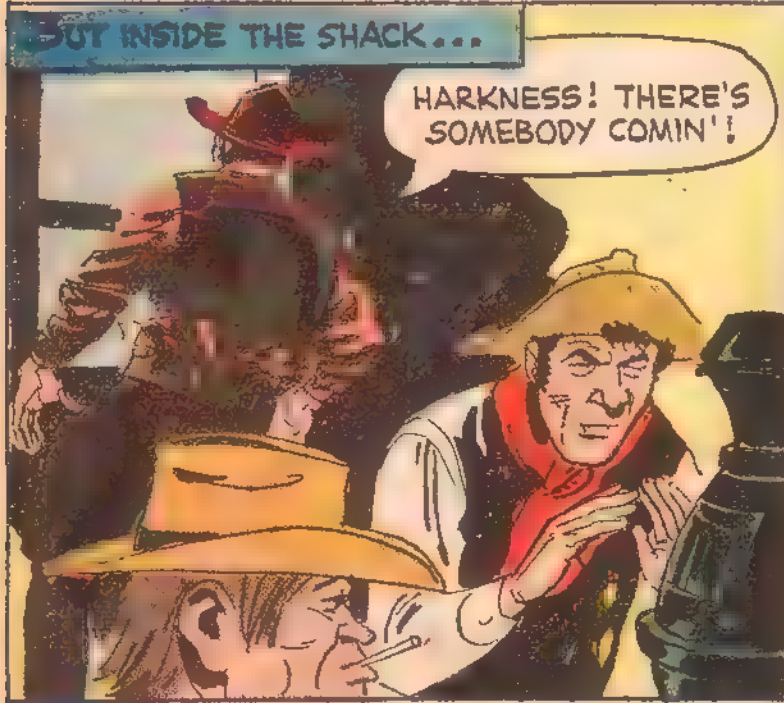


THE THREE MEN MOVE SLOWLY
TOWARD THE SHACK...



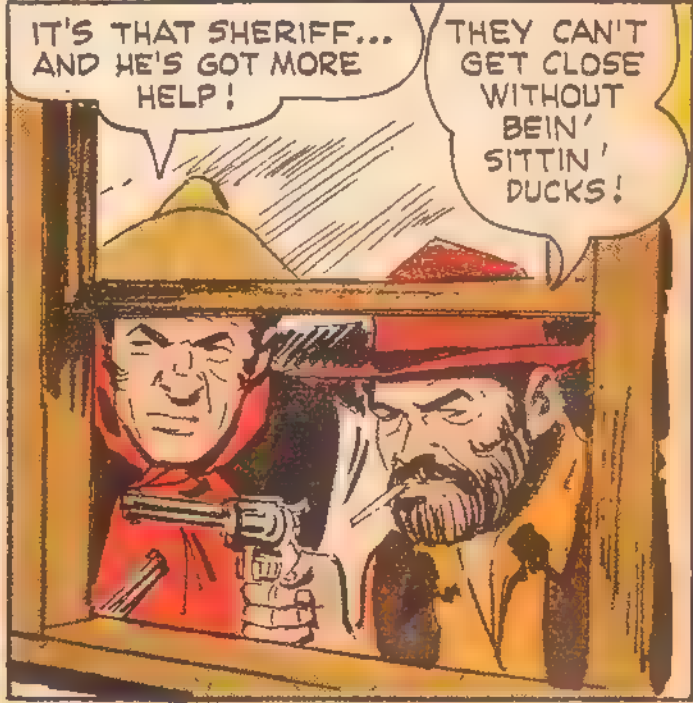
BUT INSIDE THE SHACK...

HARKNESS! THERE'S
SOMEBODY COMIN'!



IT'S THAT SHERIFF...
AND HE'S GOT MORE
HELP!

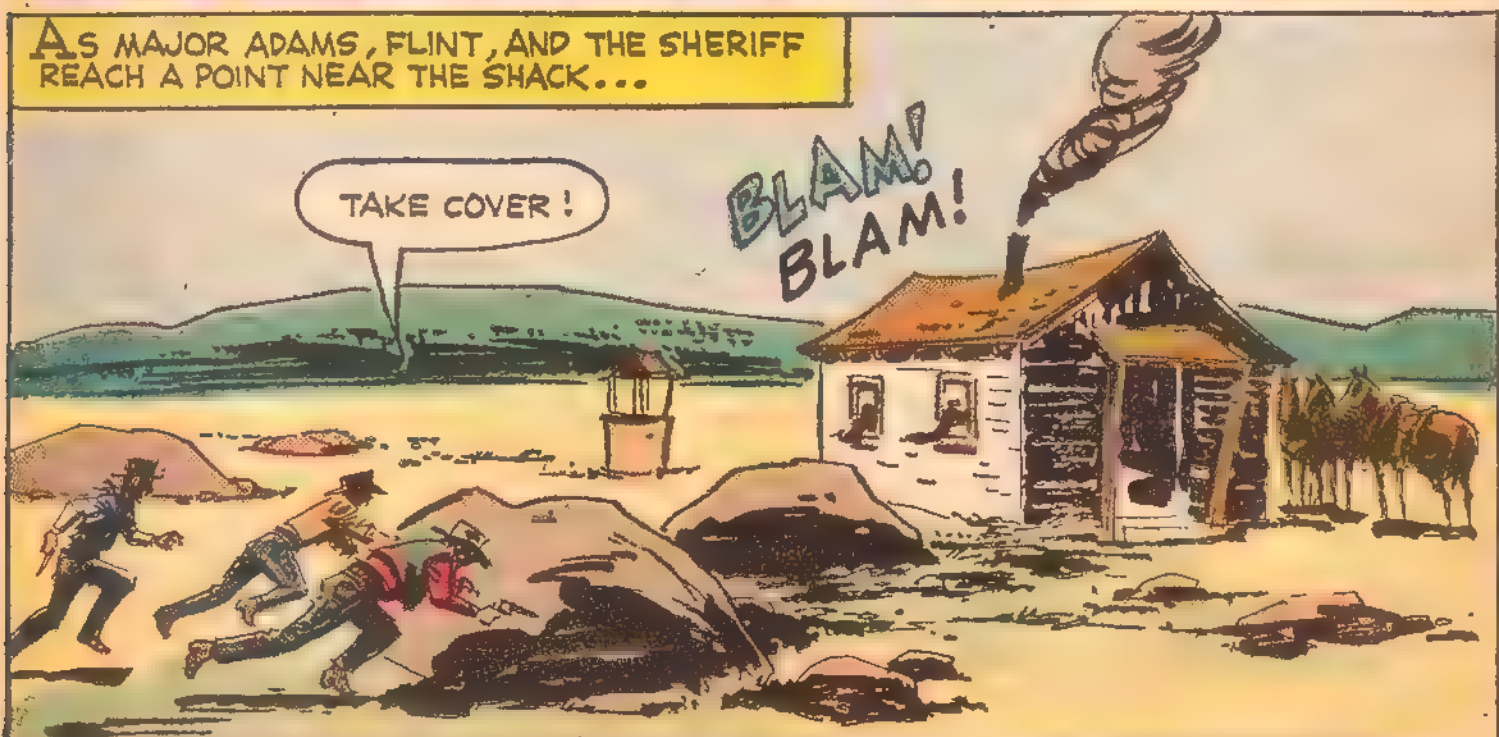
THEY CAN'T
GET CLOSE
WITHOUT
BEIN' SITTIN'
DUCKS!



AS MAJOR ADAMS, FLINT, AND THE SHERIFF
REACH A POINT NEAR THE SHACK...

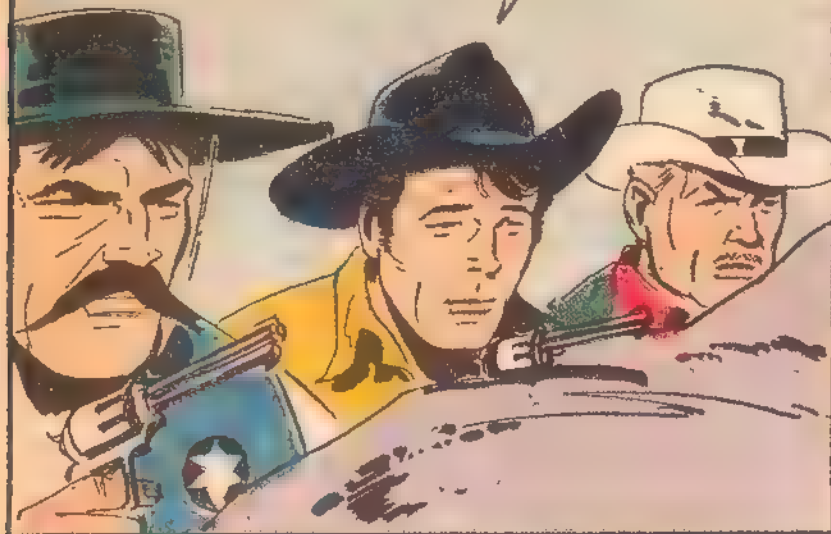
TAKE COVER!

BLAM!
BLAM!



WE CAN'T GET ANY CLOSER!

AND THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG THEY CAN HOLD OUT!



WE COULD WAIT TILL DARKNESS!

THAT MIGHT GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO ESCAPE ...



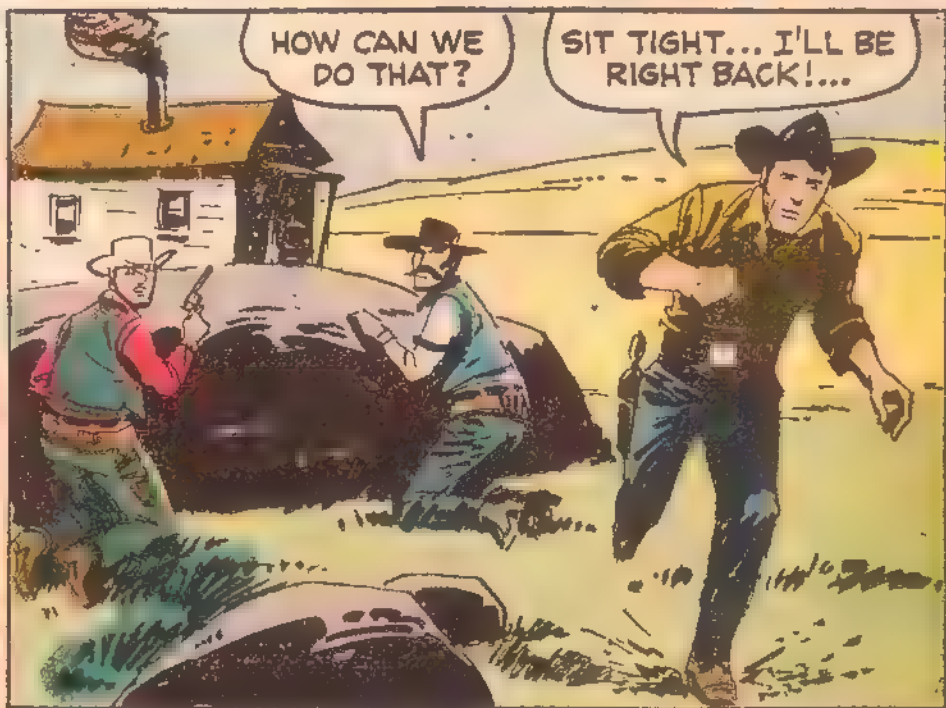
FLINT GETS AN IDEA ...

MAYBE YOU'LL BOTH THINK I'M CRAZY... BUT I THINK WE CAN GET THEM TO COME OUT OF THAT SHACK!



HOW CAN WE DO THAT?

SIT TIGHT... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!...



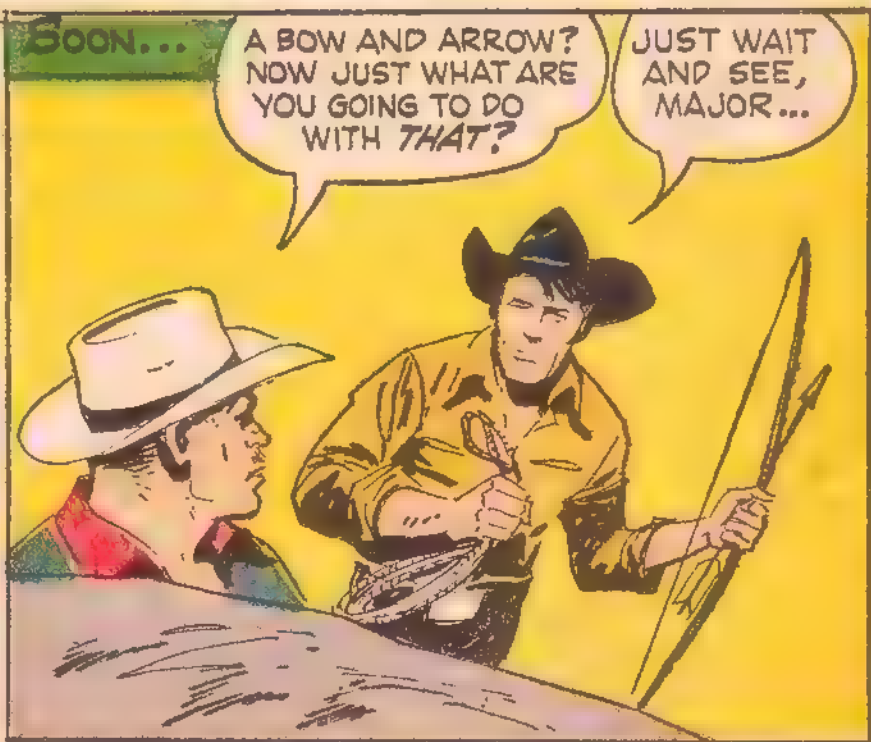
NOW I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO *PROVE* TO THE MAJOR JUST WHAT THIS BOW AND ARROW CAN DO IN THE RIGHT SITUATION!

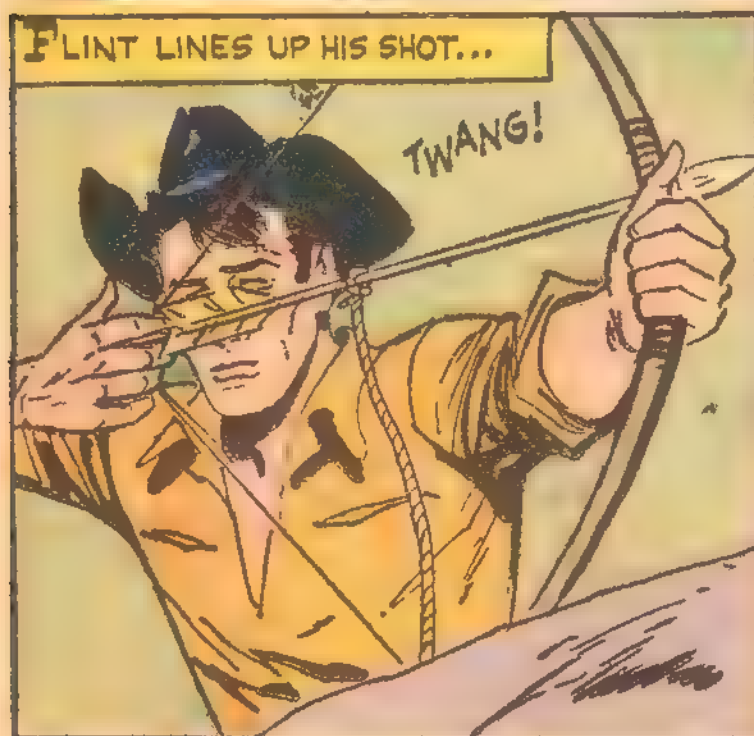
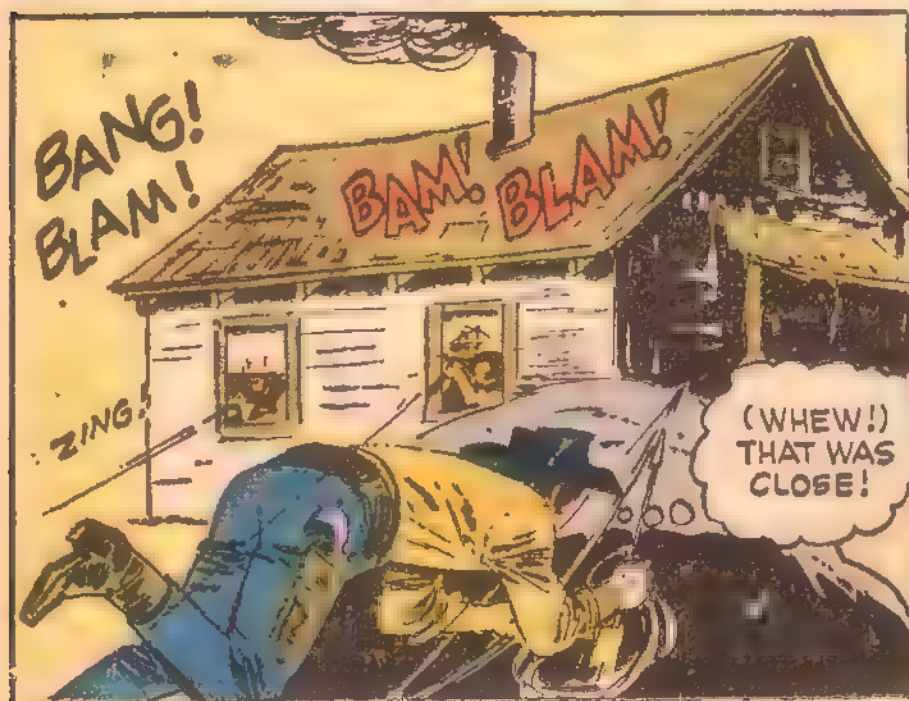
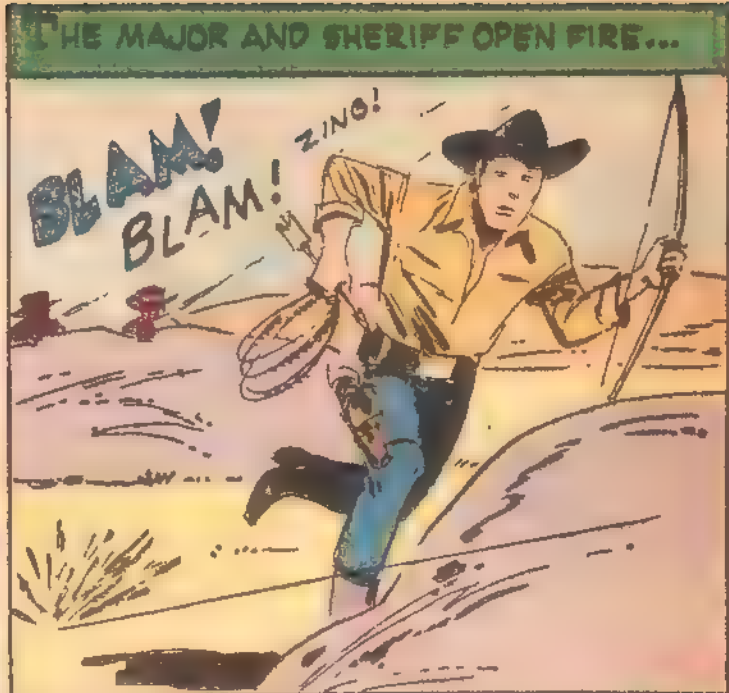
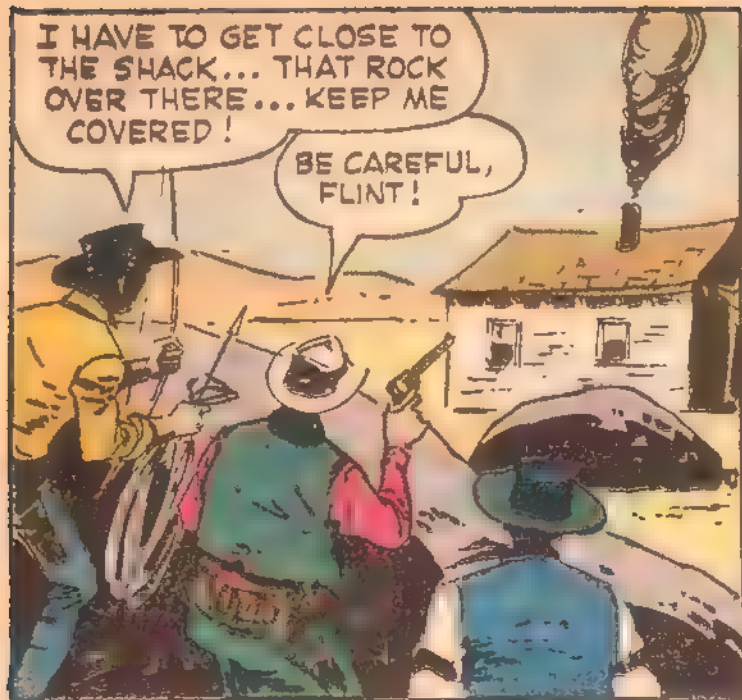


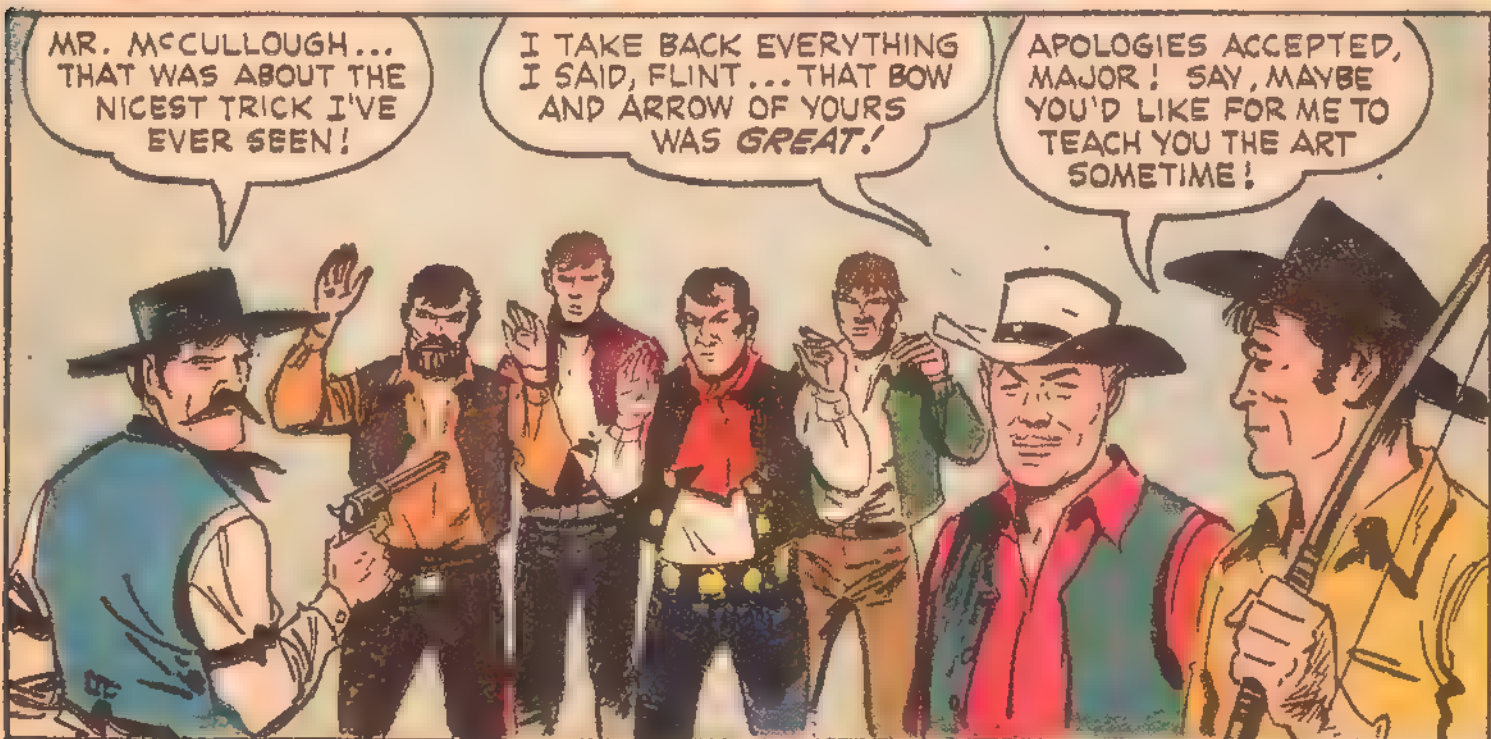
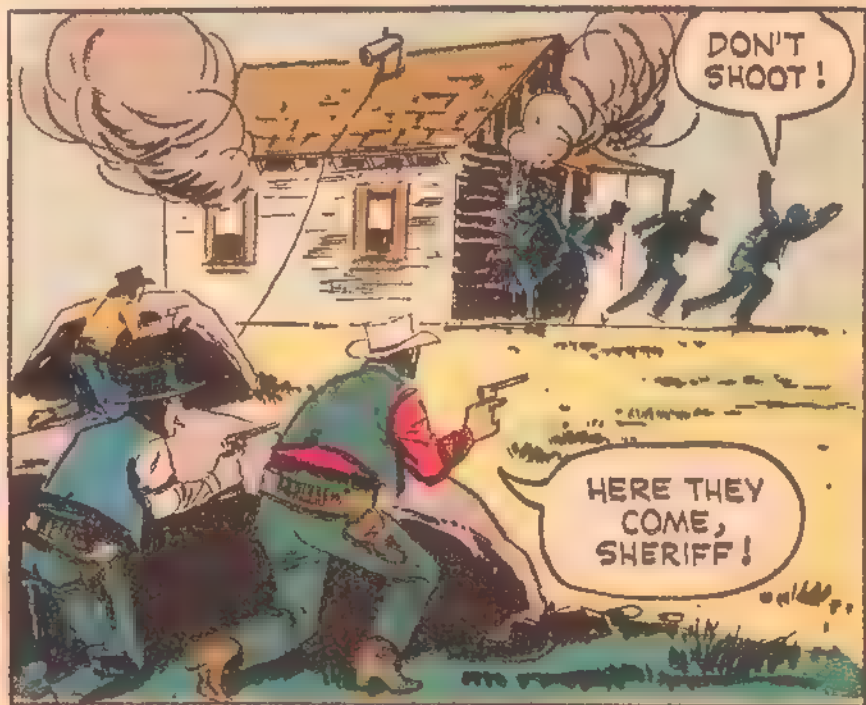
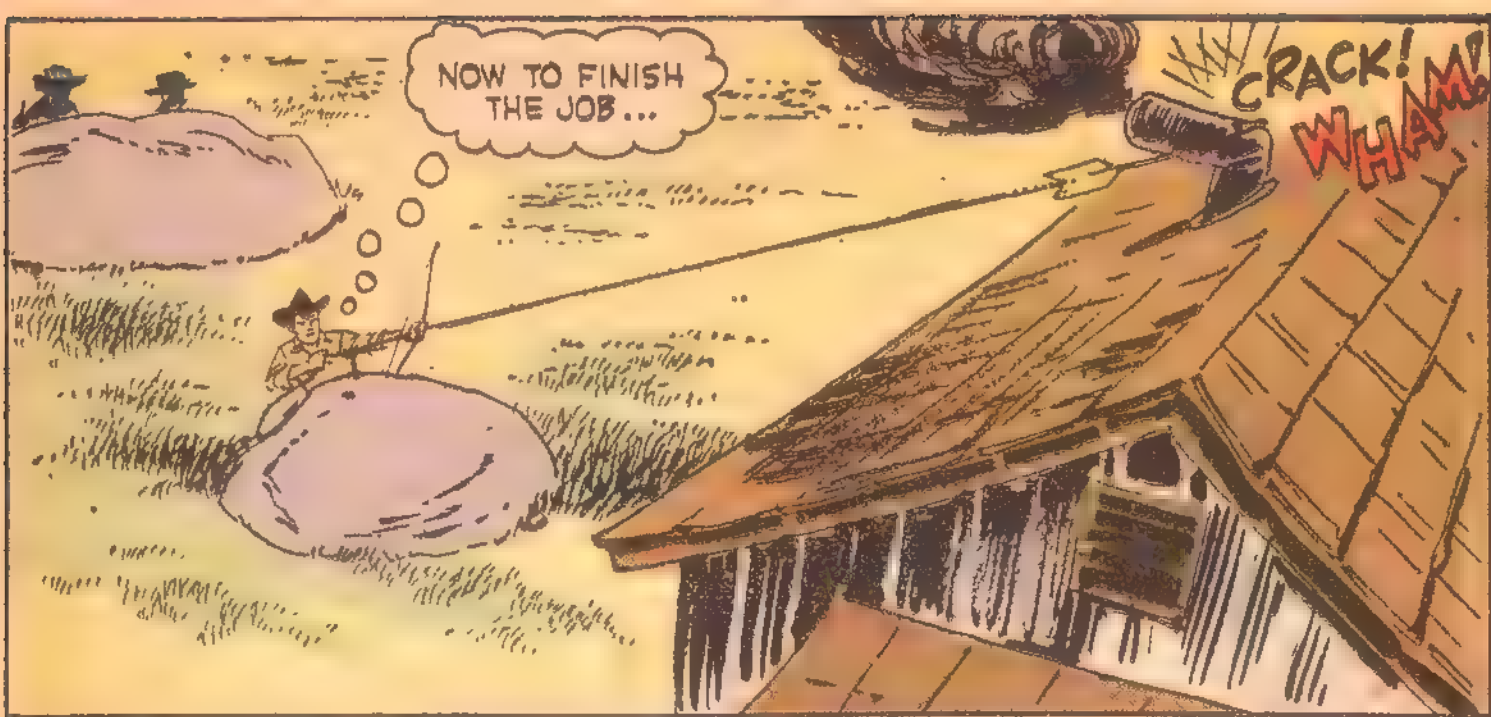
SOON...

A BOW AND ARROW? NOW JUST WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH *THAT*?

JUST WAIT AND SEE, MAJOR...







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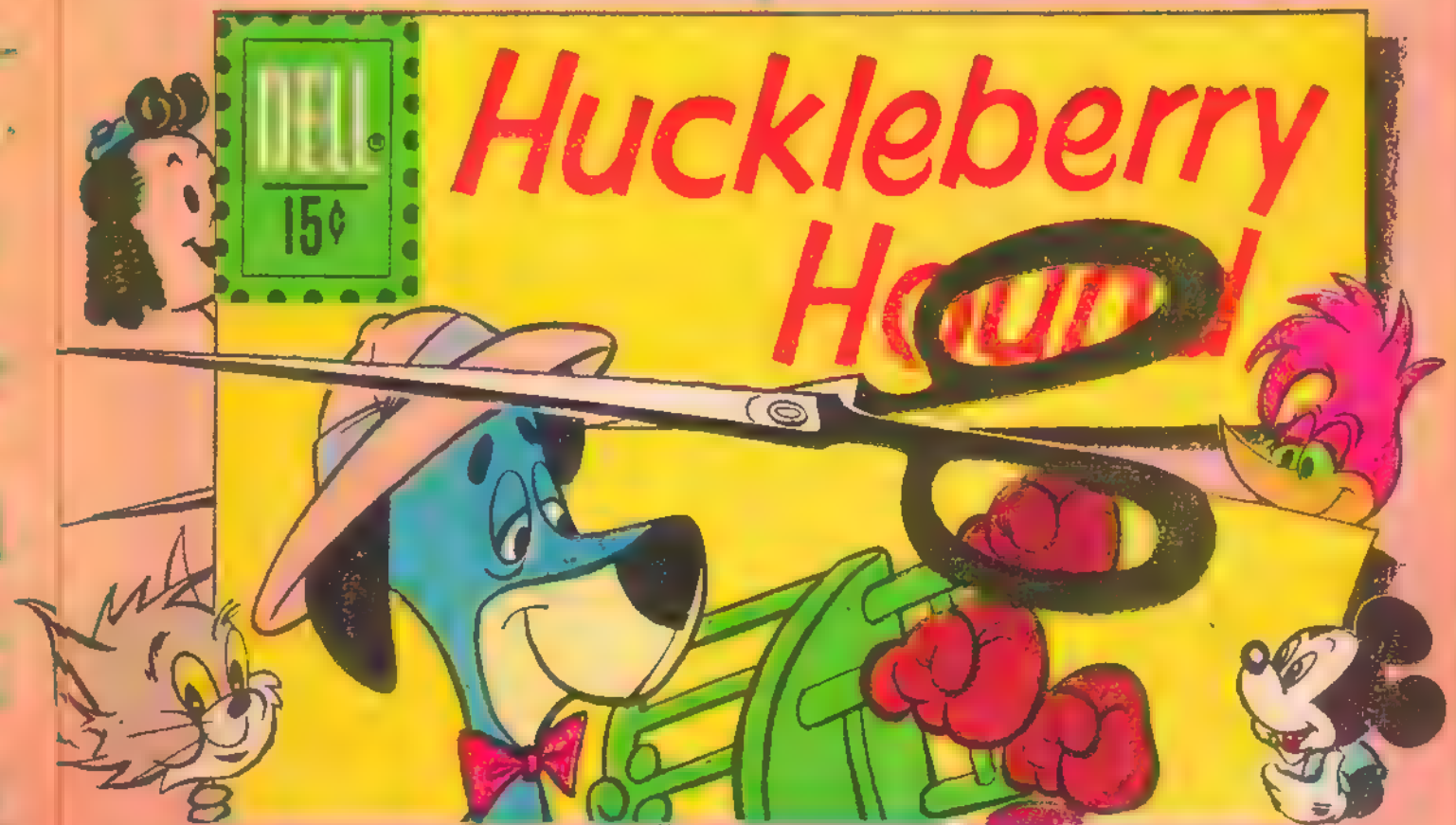
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A DATE WITH DANGER

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Steve looked closely at the steel-blue revolver the sheriff held out in his hand.

"Gee, Big Tom," Steve gasped, "I'll bet this is the greatest six-shooter ever made." He glanced up at the tall figure looming beside him. "...and I'll bet you are the best sheriff in the whole West!"

Big Tom laughed. "Go 'long with you, young fellah."

"Sure," Steve continued, wide-eyed, "who else but you could have come into this town and cleaned out all the gunslingers and saddle tramps?"

The sheriff frowned. "All of them except Matt Bristow. He's a mean one. I suppose it's just a matter of time before he shows up in town." Then the sheriff laughed. "But that's enough palaver, Son. You'd better high-tail it home 'fore your ma skins me for keeping you from your chores."

"All right," Steve grinned. "See you at the square dance tonight, Sheriff?"

"I'll be there." Then the sheriff chuckled. "You aiming to do some fancy stepping, Son?"

Steve blushed. "'Course not, Sheriff. I'm just going along to watch."

In the big barn that night, the fiddles sawed a lively tune as the dancers rollicked back and forth to the catchy hoe-down.

Steve, standing in the shadows, could see Big Tom talking with Judge Green.

Suddenly there was a disturbance from the darkness beyond—angry voices and some shouting, and then, onto the dance floor lurched a huge, disheveled man.

"Matt Bristow!" someone gasped.

"Hey, Sheriff," Bristow yelled savagely, "if you're so blame tough, slap leather!"

Big Tom stiffened but did not move.

"I said reach for it, Sheriff!" Bristow roared again. But Big Tom turned quietly and strode out of the barn.

"Show him, Sheriff," Steve cried out. "Come back... and show him..." A sob choked off his words as his dream of the ideal hero vanished with the figure of Big Tom walking into the night.

The next morning, Steve sat glumly at the breakfast table.

"What's the matter, Son?" his mother asked. "Picking at your food that way, how you going to grow up tall and strong like your sheriff friend?"

Steve stared at his plate.

"Sure got to hand it to him, though," Steve's mother continued. "The whole town's talking 'bout the way he ran Matt Bristow out of town."

Steve looked up quickly. "Big Tom ran Bristow out of town?"

"This morning. 'Bout five o'clock, as I gather. Seems they locked horns out in front of the general store. Bristow pulled a gun on the sheriff and Big Tom blasted the six-shooter right out of Bristow's hand. That took the fight out of Bristow quick-like, and he skedaddled out of town."

"I knew Big Tom wasn't scared of Bristow," Steve said, though doubt was still in his eyes. "But, Ma, why did Big Tom walk away from Bristow last night at the dance? Why didn't he deal with Bristow right then?"

"And take a chance of innocent folks, who were standing around, getting hurt?" She smiled. "Son, not only is that sheriff friend of yours brave, but he's smart. He knew he'd get the chance to settle with Bristow later, when there would be no one near who might get hurt."

She paused. "Say, Son, where you going? You still haven't finished your breakfast."

"Breakfast can wait, Ma," Steve shouted. "Right now, I've got to find Big Tom and tell him that I don't think he's the best sheriff in the whole West.—I know it!"

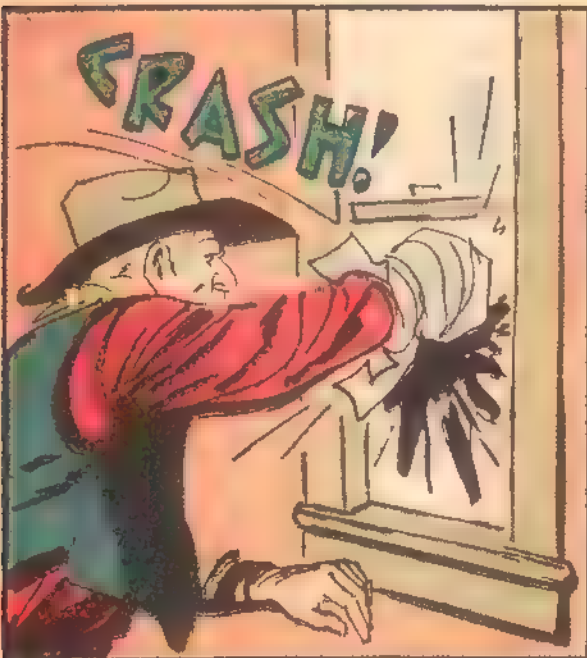
THE EYEWITNESS

THERE ISN'T A SOUL IN SIGHT!

JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT!
COME ON!



CRASH!



OKAY, LET'S GET THE MONEY AND FAST!

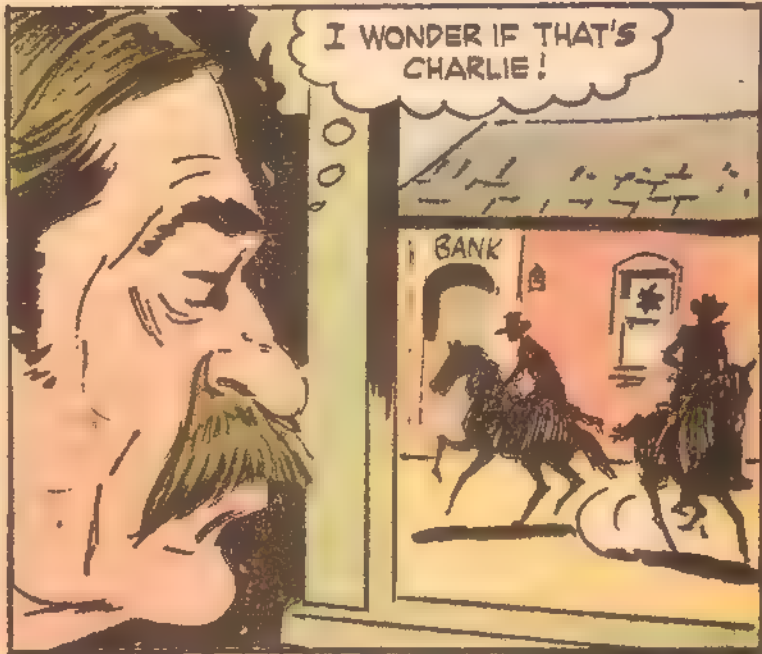


JUST A FEW DOORS AWAY...

LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE UP EARLY TODAY! THERE ARE TWO HORSES DOWN AT THE BANK!



I WONDER IF THAT'S CHARLIE!



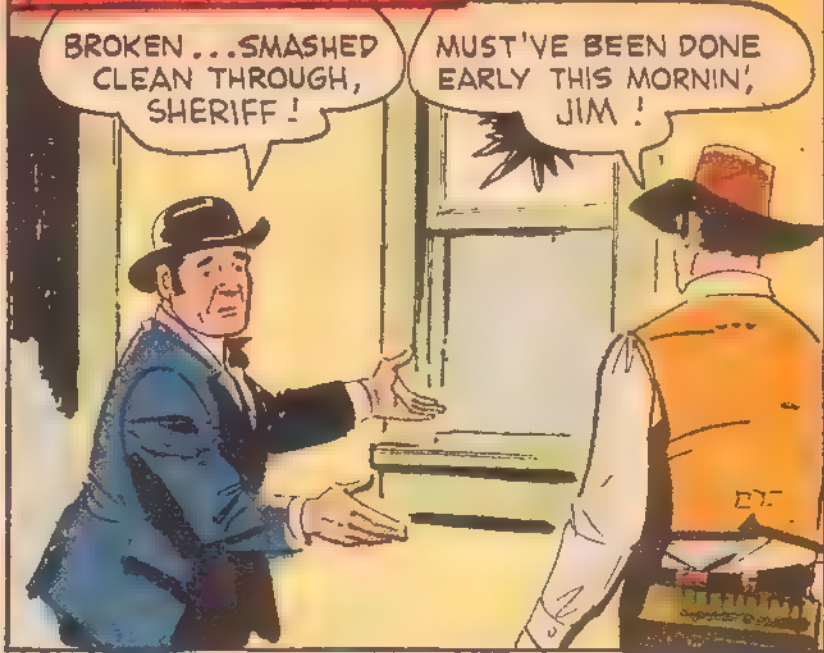
GUESS IT WASN'T CHARLIE! HE SURE WOULD'VE STOPPED BY IF IT WAS! TOLD HIM HIS ORDER WAS GONNA BE READY TODAY!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

BROKEN...SMASHED CLEAN THROUGH, SHERIFF!

MUST'VE BEEN DONE EARLY THIS MORNIN', JIM!



THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY RIDE OUT ON THE TRAIL OF THE BANK ROBBERS...

WE GOT TO FIND 'EM, JED! THE TOWN IS COUNTIN' ON US!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

IT'S THE SHERIFF! AN' HE'S GOT TWO PRISONERS!



BUT SHORTLY...

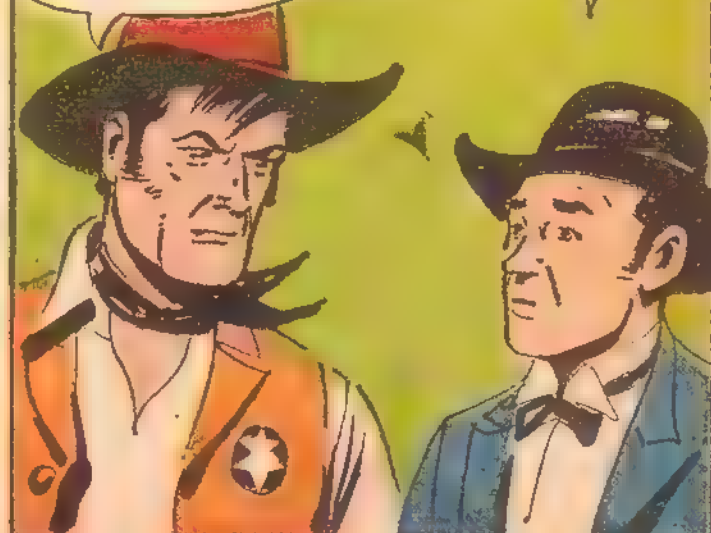
I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN HOLD THOSE FELLAS, JIM... I *THINK* THEY'RE THE BOYS... BUT I CAN'T *PROVE* IT!

WHAT ABOUT THE MONEY?



THEY MUST'VE HIDDEN IT! DIDN'T HAVE A CENT ON THEM...AND THEY CLAIM THEY WERE NEVER *IN* THIS TOWN!

WE GOT TO GET MORE EVIDENCE...



LATER...

SIMON... YOU SAY YOU *SAW* THEM?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY, SHERIFF... YOU SEE, I WAS SWEEPIN' OUT THE GENERAL STORE...

THEN YOU *MUST* HAVE SEEN THEM!

WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH I GOT REAL BAD EYES ... I ONLY *HEARD* SOMETHIN'...

THEN I SAW A COUPLE DARK SHAPES RIDIN' ALONG THE STREET... BUT NOTHIN' I COULD *IDENTIFY*!

BUT *THEY* DON'T KNOW THAT!

HUH?

I'M ALMOST SURE I'VE GOT THE RIGHT MEN... BUT I NEED PROOF... AND, SIMON... YOU CAN GIVE *IT* TO ME!

LATER THAT DAY, THE SUSPECTS ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE TOWN JUDGE...

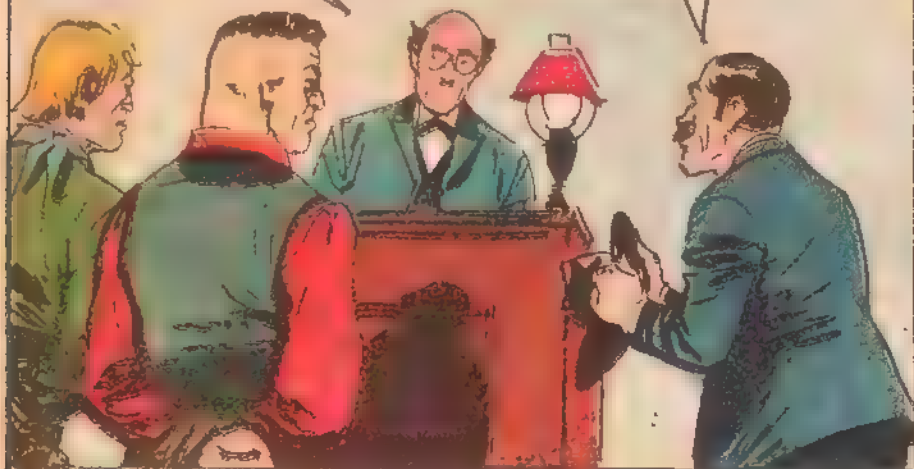
YOU KNOW, SHERIFF... I CAN'T ORDER THESE MEN HELD FOR TRIAL UNLESS YOU HAVE MORE EVIDENCE!

I HAVE THE EVIDENCE, JUDGE! AN *EYEWITNESS*! SIMON PRATTLEY SAW THESE MEN...

IS THAT TRUE, SIMON? ARE THESE THE MEN THAT ROBBED THE BANK...

WELL, I...UH...I WAS IN THE GENERAL STORE... SWEEPIN' OUT... JUST A COUPLE DOORS DOWN FROM THE BANK...

I HEARD THIS CRASHIN' NOISE... LIKE A WINDOW OR SOMETHIN' BEIN' BUSTED... THEN I SAW TWO MEN ON HORSES...



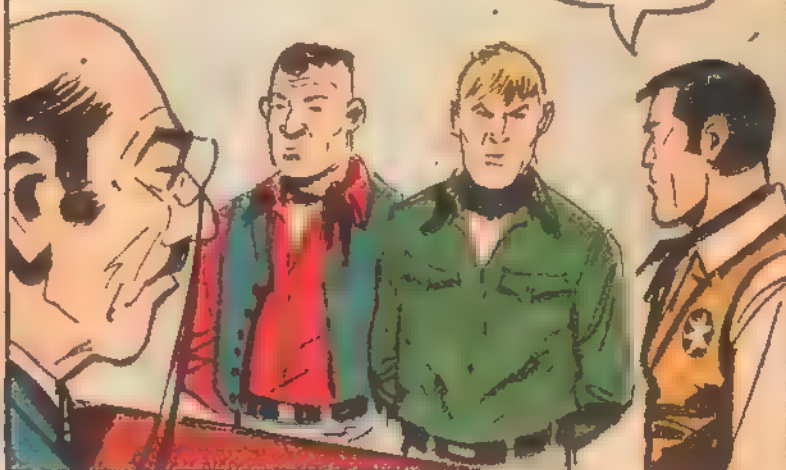
I THOUGHT YOU SAID NOBODY WAS AROUND!

I THOUGHT WE WERE ALONE...I...



GUESS THAT'S PROOF ENOUGH! A CONFESSION IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANY JUDGE!

WHAT'D YOU DO WITH THE MONEY, BOYS?



WE'LL SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS... GUESS THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE WE CAN DO NOW THAT YOU HAD AN EYEWITNESS TO IT!

THANKS, SIMON... AND I'M GOIN' TO DO SOMETHIN' FOR YOU IN RETURN!



A WEEK LATER...

I SURE THANK YOU FOR THESE GLASSES, SHERIFF... DOGGONE, I CAN SEE AS CLEAR AS ANYTHING! THE WHOLE WORLD LOOKS DIFFERENT!

IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO, SIMON... ALTHOUGH YOU WERE A MIGHTY GOOD WITNESS WHEN YOU *COULDN'T SEE* VERY WELL!



MAJOR! LOOK!

I'VE GOT EYES, FLINT! LET'S
SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!



HE'S IN BAD SHAPE!
SUNSTROKE AND
SHOCK!

WONDER WHAT HE'S
DOING ALONE IN
COUNTRY LIKE
THIS ANYWAY?



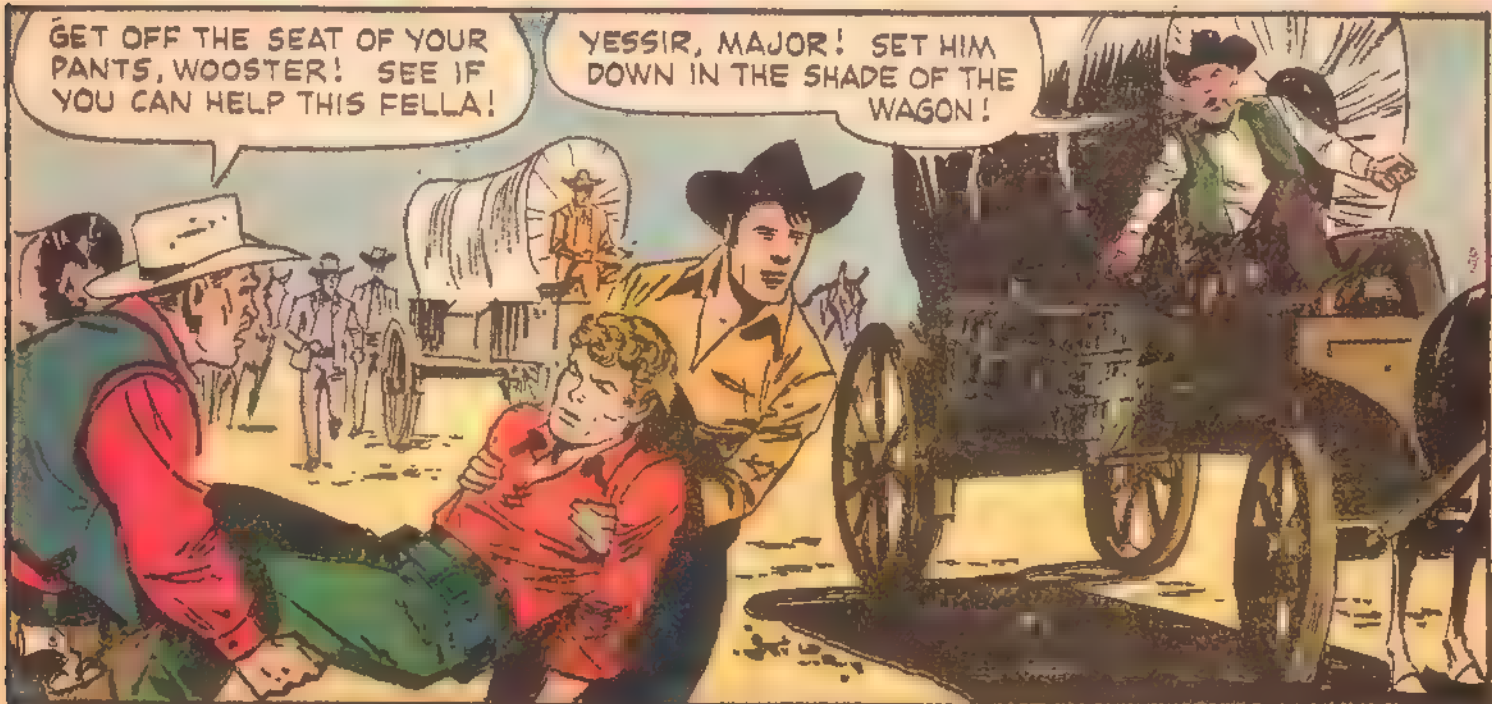
WE'LL HAVE THE
ANSWER TO THAT
IF WE CAN BRING
HIM OUT OF IT!

WAGONS, HALT!



GET OFF THE SEAT OF YOUR
PANTS, WOOSTER! SEE IF
YOU CAN HELP THIS FELLA!

YESSIR, MAJOR! SET HIM
DOWN IN THE SHADE OF THE
WAGON!



HE SURE ENOUGH LOOKS DRIED OUT! BEST WE GET A LITTLE WATER IN HIM FIRST OFF!

HE'S BEEN IN THE SUN A LONG TIME, THAT'S FOR SURE!

NOT TOO MUCH, WOOSTER!

I KNOW, I KNOW! YOU THINK THIS IS THE FIRST CASE OF SUNSTROKE I'VE EVER SEEN?

GET A BLANKET, FLINT! FUNNY AS IT SEEMS, WE GOT TO KEEP HIM WRAPPED GOOD FOR A WHILE!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, DOCTOR WOOSTER!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

MIGHT AS WELL MAKE CAMP HERE, FLINT! NO SENSE TAKIN' A CHANCE WITH THIS FELLA'S LIFE!

RIGHT, MAJOR! I'LL HAVE THE FOLKS CIRCLE THE WAGONS! NO SENSE TAKING ANY CHANCES IN SIOUX COUNTRY EITHER!

LATER THAT EVENING...

HOW'S THE PATIENT DOING, WOOSTER?

BEEN MUMBLIN' SOMETHING AWFUL, MAJOR... BUT HE'S COMIN' OUT OF IT NOW!

MMM...OOOOH... GOT TO... HELP... FAMILY ON TRAIL... WAGON BROKE AXLE... SUN BURNING... MUST GO BACK... SAVE THEM...

NOW, YOU TAKE IT EASY,
FELLA... WE'LL DO WHAT
WE CAN! HOW MANY OF
YOUR PEOPLE ARE OUT
THERE...AND WHERE?

MY...WIFE...SON
...AND BROTHER
...WE LEFT THE
WAGON TRAIN
WE WERE WITH
...HEADED NORTH...

SHOULDN'T
HAVE LEFT
...I WAS A
DANGED
FOOL...

I'VE GOT TO AGREE WITH
THAT! THIS IS NO
COUNTRY FOR A
SINGLE WAGON!

TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE! I'LL
RIDE OUT AND BRING THEM IN!

CAN'T TELL YOU...
BUT I CAN LEAD
YOU THERE!

YOU WON'T BE LEADIN' ANYBODY
ANYWHERE, MISTER...NOT FOR A
DAY OR TWO ANYWAYS!

YES! I
CAN
MAKE
IT! I'VE
...GOT
TO!

THE SUN'S SETTING!
CAN'T GO ANYWHERE
UNTIL MORNING
ANYWAY! LET'S SEE
HOW YOU FEEL THEN!

THE MAJOR'S RIGHT,
MISTER! I'VE RIDDEN
THIS TRAIL A DOZEN
TIMES, BUT I'D
HATE TO TRY IT
AT NIGHT!

ALL RIGHT...
GUESS YOU KNOW
BEST! I...APPRECIATE
YOUR HELP! MY
NAME'S MOORE
...WALT MOORE!

ALL RIGHT, WALT...
YOU GET SOME
MORE REST!
WE'LL SEE
WHAT HAPPENS
IN THE MORNING!

THE NEXT MORNING, WALT IS STRONGER, SO HE AND FLINT SET OUT ON THE TRAIL CARRYING A SPARE AXLE FOR THE STRANDED WAGON...

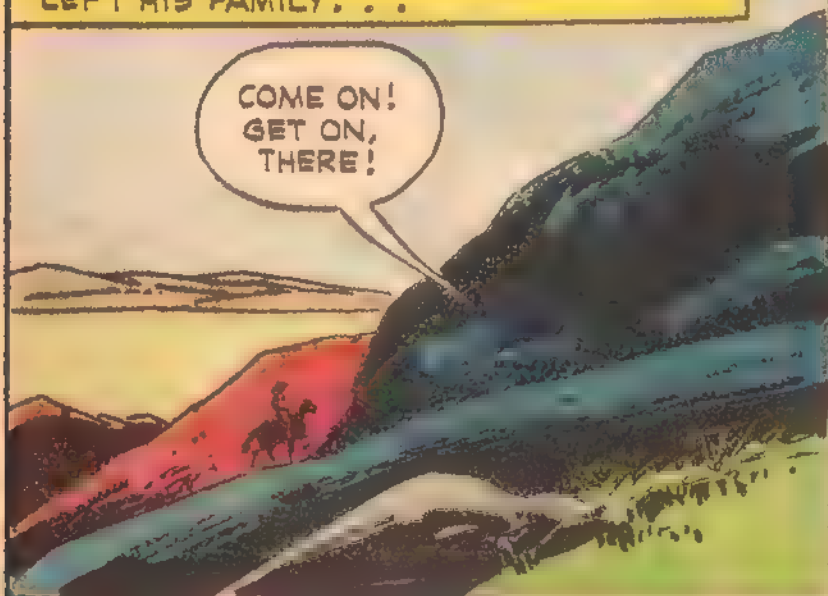
GOOD LUCK! WE'LL MEET YOU AT FISHER'S CROSSING IF EVERYTHING GOES RIGHT!

THANKS, MAJOR! WE'LL SEE YOU THERE!



AS THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES ON, WALT GUIDES FLINT BACK TOWARD WHERE HE LEFT HIS FAMILY...

COME ON! GET ON, THERE!



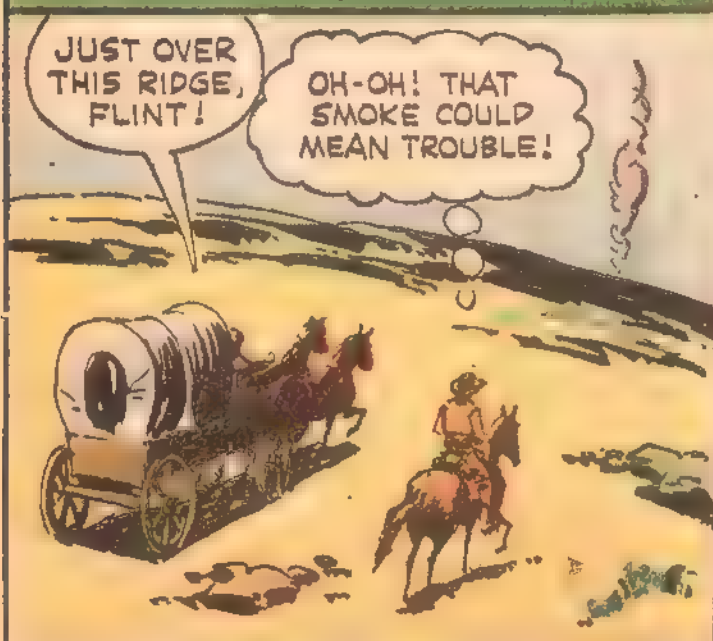
AND AS THEY MOVE ON, HOUR AFTER HOUR, FLINT'S ALERT EYES SCAN THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR SIGNS OF SIOUX TROUBLE...



HE SEES NONE UNTIL JUST BEFORE THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION...

JUST OVER THIS RIDGE, FLINT!

OH-OH! THAT SMOKE COULD MEAN TROUBLE!



THEY ARE MET BY TWO SIOUX MEN...

EASY, WALT!

OH, NO!



MY BROTHER... HE... DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!
AND MY WIFE... SON... WHAT HAVE THEY DONE
WITH THEM?

I'M AFRAID THE SIOUX HAVE TAKEN
THEM AS CAPTIVES, WALT!
ACCORDING TO THE TRACKS,
THEY'VE HEADED OUT
SOUTHWEST!

I'VE GOT TO
FOLLOW THEM!
I'VE GOT TO
RESCUE MY
WIFE AND
BOY!

YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO
TRAVEL, WALT! BUT I
PROMISE... AFTER WE DO
WHAT WE MUST HERE...
I'LL TRACK THEM AND TRY
TO GET THEM AWAY FROM
THE SIOUX! BESIDES, ONE OF
US HAS TO GET THE SUPPLY
WAGON BACK TO THE
MAJOR!

FLINT... I APPRECIATE
WHAT YOU'RE DOING...
BUT THIS IS MY FAMILY
...AND MY FIGHT! I
WON'T LET YOU GO
ALONE!

YOU'RE A
STUBBORN MAN,
WALT! AND A
BRAVE ONE! GUESS
THERE'S NO USE
ARGUING WITH
YOU ANY MORE!

SOMETIME LATER...

LET'S HEAD TO FISHER'S
CROSSING! WE'LL LEAVE
THE WAGON AND GET YOU
A GOOD, FAST SADDLE
HORSE!

THE FASTER,
THE BETTER!

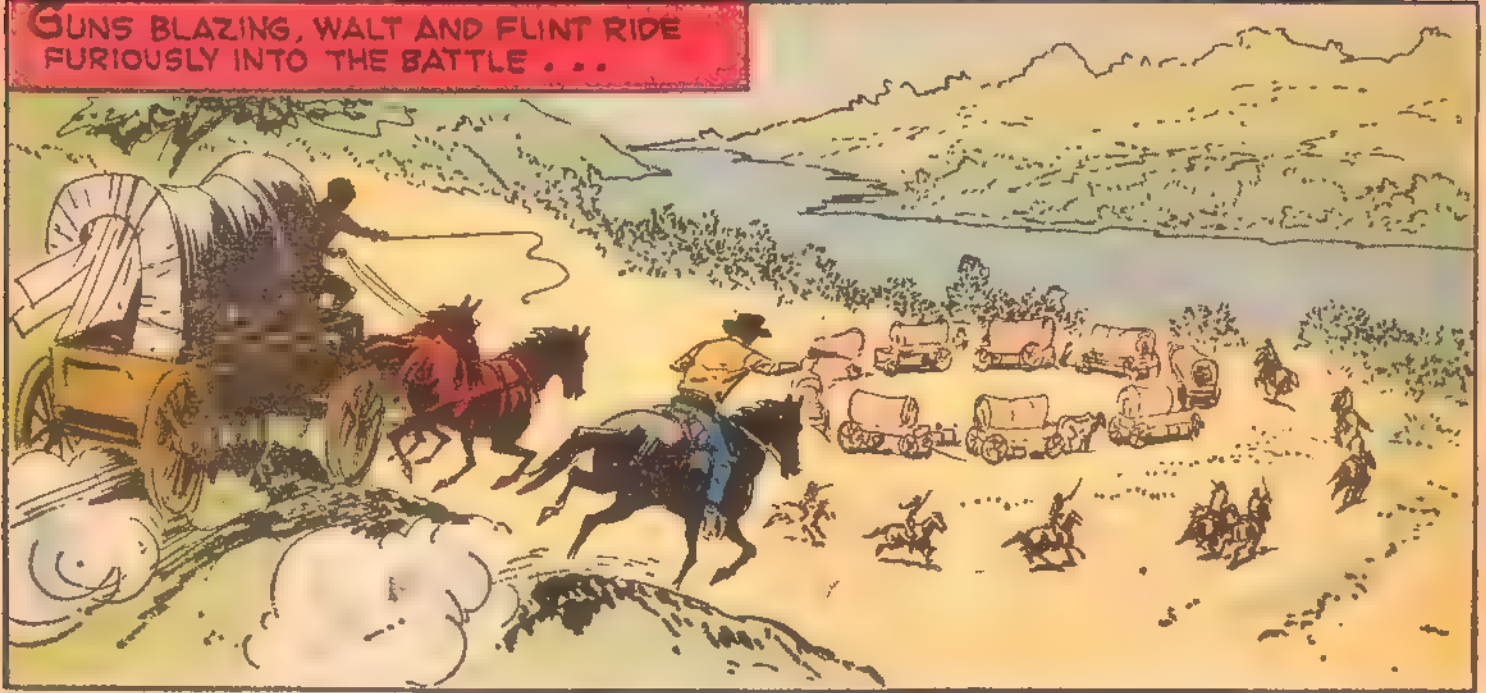
THE TWO MEN RIDE HARD, AND THEN,
WITH FISHER'S CROSSING JUST AHEAD...

SOUNDS LIKE
TROUBLE, FLINT!

SIOUX TROUBLE!
THEY'RE ATTACKING
OUR WAGONS!

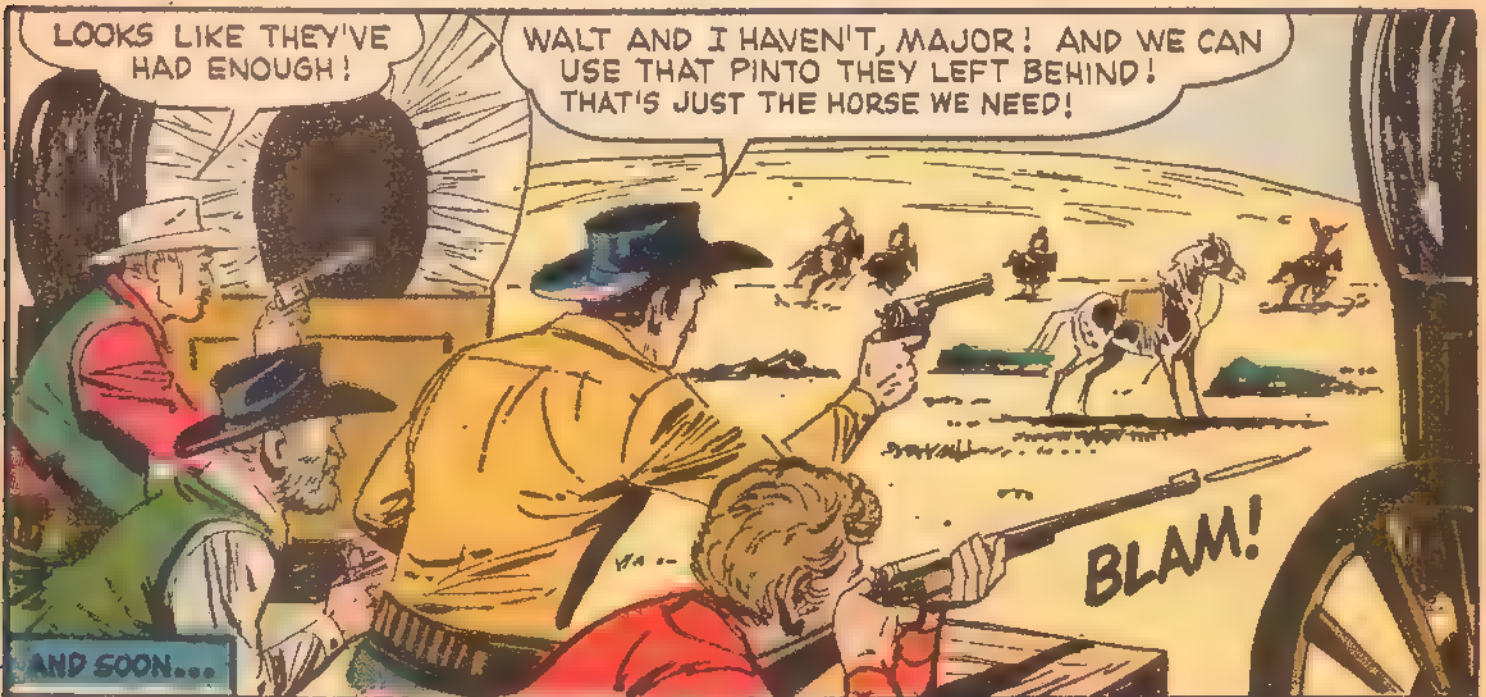
BLAM!
BLAM!

GUNS BLAZING, WALT AND FLINT RIDE
FURIOUSLY INTO THE BATTLE . . .



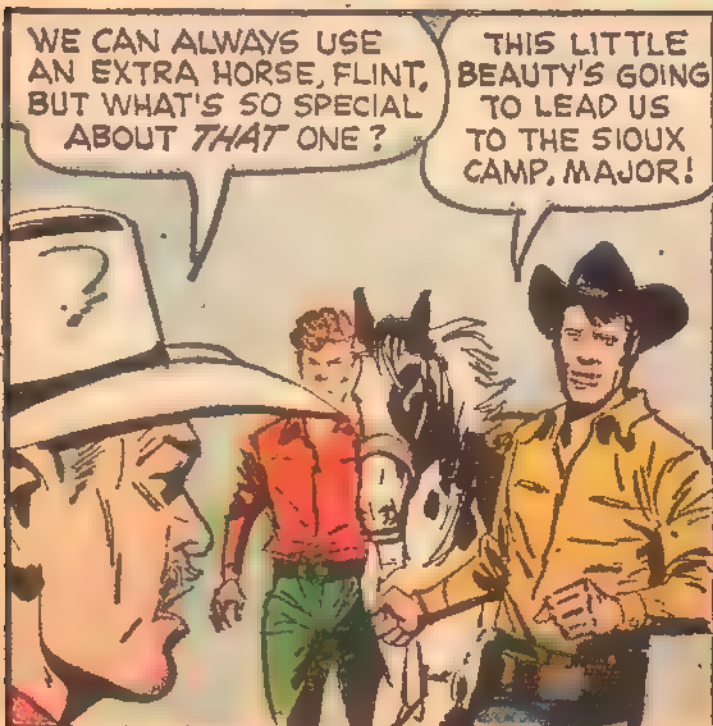
LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE
HAD ENOUGH!

WALT AND I HAVEN'T, MAJOR! AND WE CAN
USE THAT PINTO THEY LEFT BEHIND!
THAT'S JUST THE HORSE WE NEED!



WE CAN ALWAYS USE
AN EXTRA HORSE, FLINT,
BUT WHAT'S SO SPECIAL
ABOUT *THAT* ONE?

THIS LITTLE
BEAUTY'S GOING
TO LEAD US
TO THE SIOUX
CAMP, MAJOR!



THE SIOUX
CAMP? YOU
HAVE GONE
LOCO!

HE MUST'VE!

NOW JUST
SETTLE
DOWN AND
I'LL EXPLAIN!



QUICKLY, FLINT TELLS THE MAJOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

...SO YOU SEE, MAJOR...I FIGURE THIS PINTO CAN LEAD US TO THE SIOUX CAMP! THEN, WITH LUCK, WE CAN RESCUE WALT'S WIFE AND BOY!

COME ON, FLINT! LET'S GET GOIN'!



GOOD LUCK!

HIYAAAH!



WALT GIVES THE PINTO HIS HEAD AS FLINT'S TRAINED EYES SCAN THE TRAIL

THIS PONY SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING, FLINT!

HE DOES! AND THE SIOUX HAVE QUIT COVERING THEIR TRAIL! THESE TRACKS SAY THEY'RE ONLY ABOUT AN HOUR AHEAD OF US!



WE'RE RUNNIN' OUT OF DAYLIGHT!

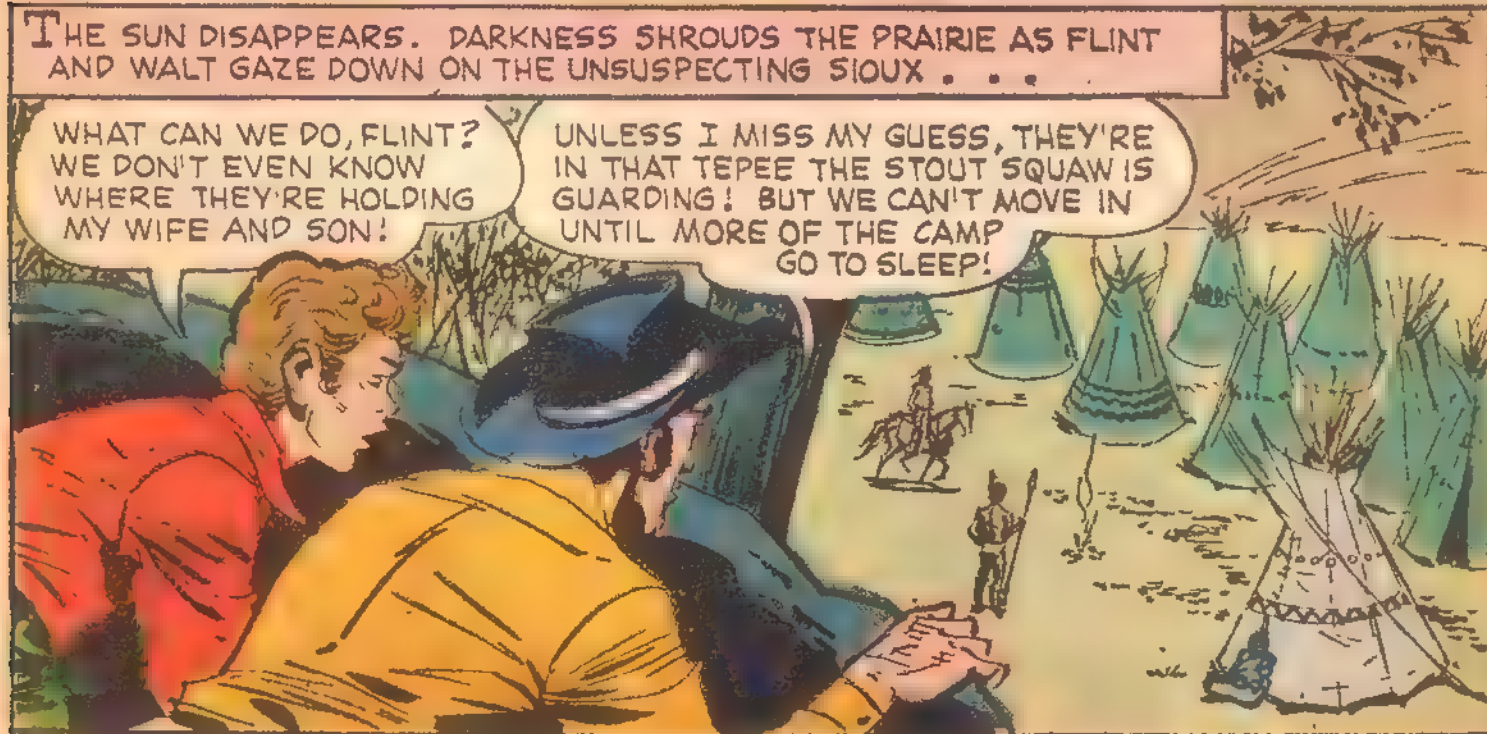
THAT'S GOOD! WE WANT TO, WALT! DARKNESS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!



THE SUN DISAPPEARS. DARKNESS SHROUDS THE PRAIRIE AS FLINT AND WALT GAZE DOWN ON THE UNSUSPECTING SIOUX...

WHAT CAN WE DO, FLINT? WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THEY'RE HOLDING MY WIFE AND SON!

UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THEY'RE IN THAT TEPEE THE STOUT SQUAW IS GUARDING! BUT WE CAN'T MOVE IN UNTIL MORE OF THE CAMP GO TO SLEEP!



THE HOURS PASS, THEN FLINT DECIDES
IT IS TIME TO MAKE THE MOVE ...



WORKING TOGETHER, FLINT AND WALT
STRIKE DOWN THE BRAVE ON SENTRY DUTY...



THEN THEY MOVE STEALTHILY
TOWARD THE REAR OF THE TEPEE...



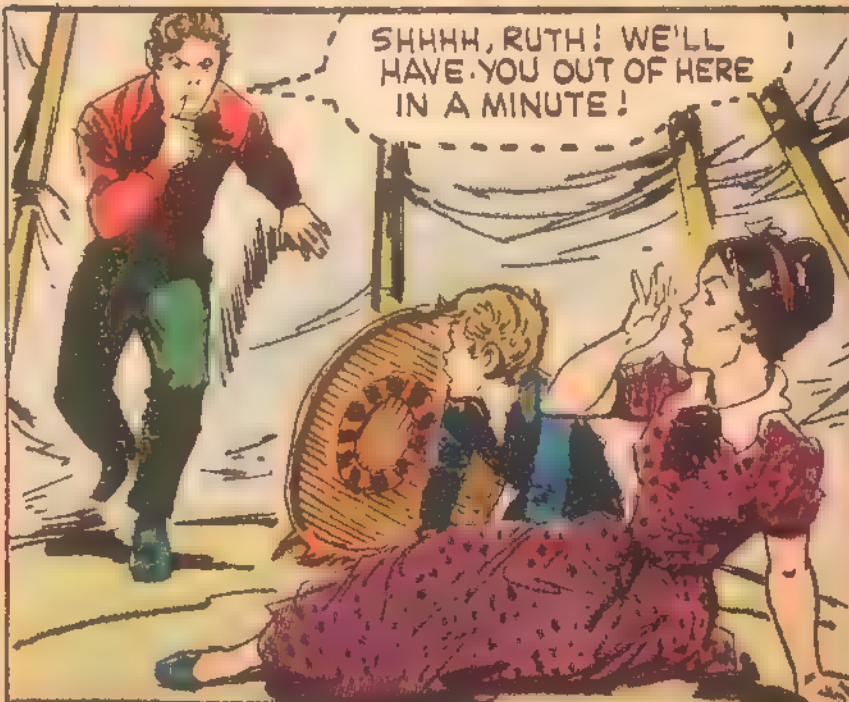
BOTH OF THEM REALIZE THAT
ONE FALSE MOVE WILL SPELL DEATH...



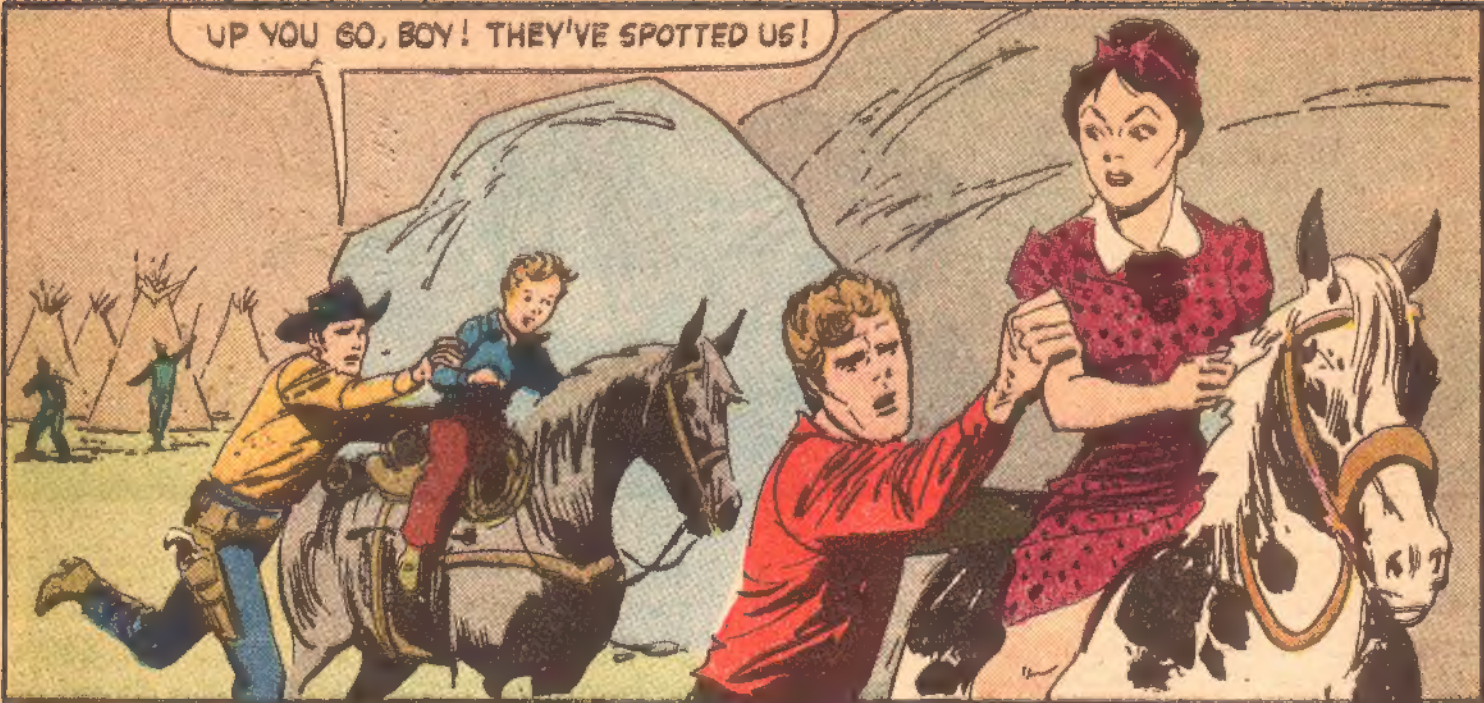
YOU GO IN
FIRST, WALT!



SHHHH, RUTH! WE'LL
HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE
IN A MINUTE!



UP YOU GO, BOY! THEY'VE SPOTTED US!



KEEP DOWN! ALL WE
HAVE TO DO IS GET OUT
OF SIGHT! THEY WON'T
FOLLOW US!

BAM!
BAM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

PULL 'EM UP, WALT!
WE CAN TAKE IT EASY
FROM HERE ON TO
THE WAGON TRAIN!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND,
FLINT... HOW COME
THEY WON'T FOLLOW
US?



THE SIOUX WON'T FIGHT AT
NIGHT! THEY'RE AFRAID IF
THEY GET KILLED, THEIR
SPIRITS WILL BE LOST IN
DARKNESS FOREVER!

I'M GLAD THEY
BELIEVE IN
SOMETHING!



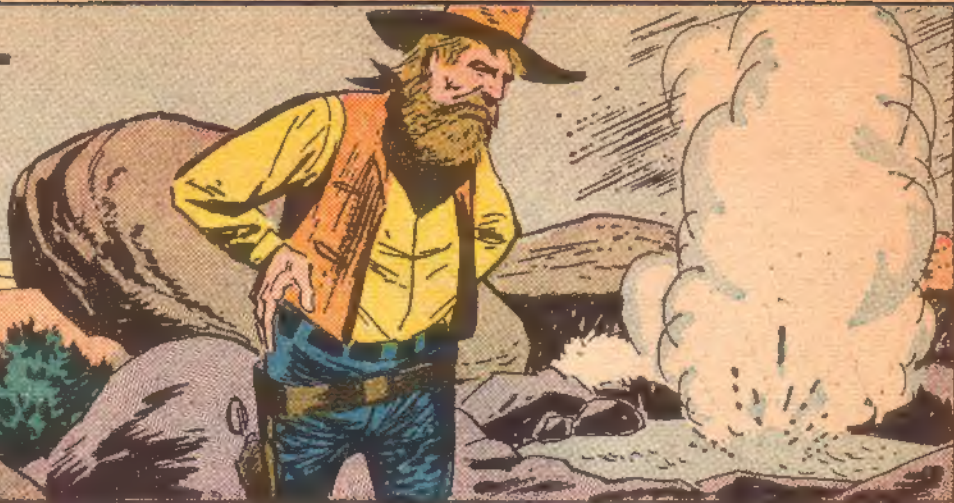
THEY DO... AND THEIR BELIEF
BECAME YOUR PASSPORT TO
FREEDOM!



TENDERFEET STATION



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A cluster of boiling hot springs in the middle of the Nevada desert were a boon to water-starved travelers — if they took the time to cool the water. Unfortunately, many over-anxious gold seekers failed to do so.

One man, Pop Haver, who stopped for a week to cool the water and rest his cattle, remained to establish a way station that became famous throughout the West.

A wagon train, happening upon Pop Haver when he was stopped at the springs, offered a trade of seventy of their trail-weary oxen

for twenty of Pop's fresh ones, so they could continue their journey uninterrupted. The profit of this deal was too good to turn down, so Pop Haver made the trade and stayed on at the watering hole to rest his new tender-footed herd.

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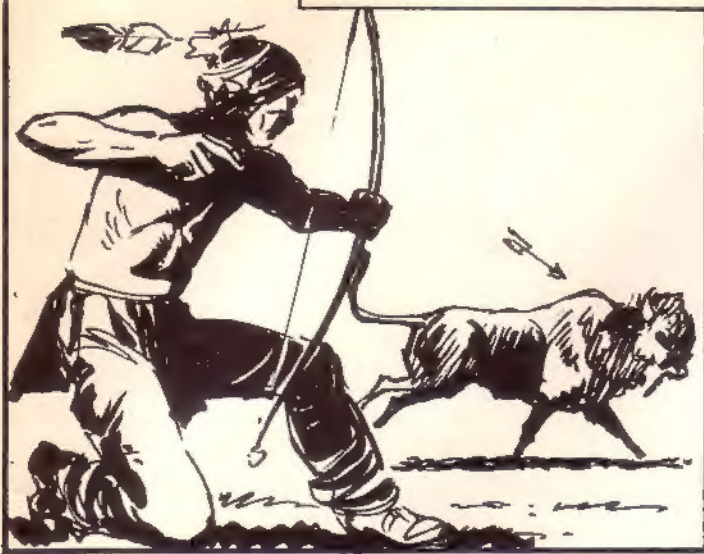
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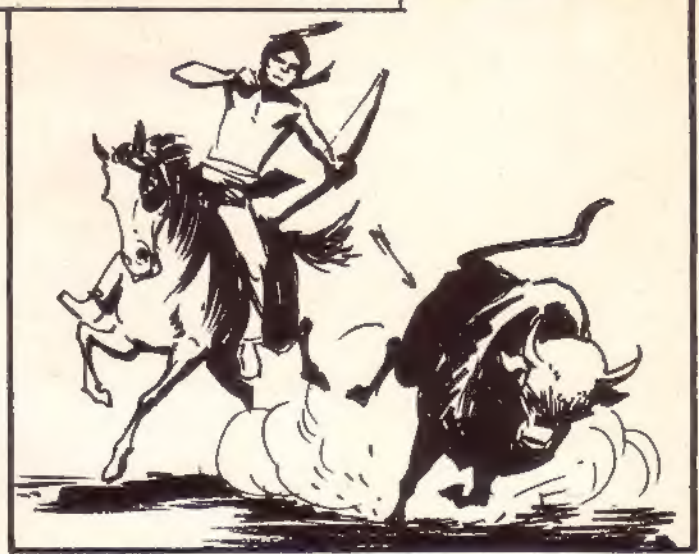
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WAGON TRAIN WEAPON OF LIFE



The bow and arrow played a vitally important part in the life of the Indians. Used for hunting, it supplied them with all the food, clothing, and shelter they needed.



Bows and arrows replaced the spear as weapons, and, handled by expert hunters, they were faster and more effective than single-shot rifles for short-range hunting.



When making his bow, the Indian determined its proper length by measuring from the tip of one shoulder across his chest to the end of the middle finger of the opposite outstretched hand...about four feet.



Arrows were usually fletched with eagle or hawk feathers. The length of an arrow was measured from a man's elbow to the tip of his index finger. A good arrow traveled about five hundred feet.



Arrows were carried in quivers made of woven corn husks, bark, or hide. The quiver was worn in back, its strap crossing the wearer's left shoulder and passing under his right arm. The arrows were withdrawn by the right hand over the left shoulder.



Since the bow and arrow allowed an Indian to shoot his enemy from a safe distance, it was not the favored weapon of war. The Indians felt that man-to-man combat was the height of bravery and the surest way to win personal glory.

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